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MORNINGS AT MATLOCK.

BY

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

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MORNINGS AT MATLOCK.

I.

CON O'KEEFE AND THE GOLDEN CUP.

In Ireland, as in Scotland, among the lower orders, there is a prevalent belief in the existence and supernatural powers of the gentry commonly called "fairies." Many and strange are the stories told of this mysterious and much dreaded race of beings. Loud and frequent have been the exclamations of surprise, and even of anger, at the hard incredulity which made me refuse to credit *all* that was narrated of the wonderful feats of Irish fairies

—the most frolicksome of the entire genus. The more my disbelief was manifested, the more wonderful were the legends which were launched at me, to overthrow my unlucky and matter-of-fact obstinacy.

I have forgotten many of the traditions which were thus made familiar to me in my boyhood, but my memory retains sufficient to convince me to what improbabilities Superstition clung—and the more wonderful the story, the more implicit the belief. But in such cases the fanaticism was harmless,—it was of the head rather than of the heart—of the imagination rather than the reason. It would be fortunate if all superstitions did as little mischief as *this*.

Having imbibed a sovereign contempt for the wild and wonderful traditions which had been duly accredited in the neighbourhood, time out of mind, I was not particularly chary in expressing that contempt at every opportunity. When the mind of a boy soars above the ignorance which besets his elders in an inferior station, who have had neither the

chance nor the desire of being enlightened, he is apt to pride himself, as I did, on the "march of intellect" which has placed him superior to vulgar credulity.

Many years have passed since I happened to be a temporary visitor beneath the hospitable roof of one of the better sort of farmers, in the county of Cork, during the Midsummer holidays. As usual, I there indulged in sarcasm against the credulity of the country. One evening, in particular, I was not a little tenacious in laughing at the very existence of "the fairy folk;" and, as sometimes happens, ridicule accomplished more than argument could have effected. My hosts could bear any thing in the way of argument—at least of argument such as mine—they could even suffer their favourite legends and theories about the fairies to be abused; but to *laugh* at them—that was an act of unkindness which quite passed their comprehension, and grievously taxed their patience.

My host was quite in despair, and almost in anger at my boyish jokes upon his fairy-legends,

when the village schoolmaster came in, an uninvited but most welcome guest. A chair was soon provided for him in the warmest corner—whiskey was immediately on the table, and the schoolmaster, who was a pretty constant votary to Bacchus, lost no time in making himself acquainted with its flavour.

I had often seen him before. He combined in his character a mixture of shrewdness and simplicity; was a most excellent mathematician and a good classical scholar—but of the world he knew next to nothing. From youth to age had been spent within the limits of the parish over which, cane in hand, he had presided for more than a quarter of a century,—at once a teacher and an oracle! He was deeply imbued with a belief in the superstitions of the district, but was more especially familiar with the wild legends of that rocky glen (the defile near Kilworth, commonly called Araglin, once famous for the extent of illicit distillation carried on there,) in which he had passed away his life, usefully but humbly employed in teaching the youth of both sexes.

To this eccentric character my host triumphantly appealed for proof respecting the existence and vagaries of the fairies. He wasted no time in argument, but declared that he would convert me by a particularly well-attested story. Draining his tumbler, and incontinently mixing another, Mr. McCann plunged at once into the heart of his narration, as follows.

"You know the high hill that overlooks the town of Fermoy? Handsome and thriving place as it now is, I remember the time when there were only two houses in that same town, and *one* of them was only in course of building! Well, there lived on the other side of Corran Thierna, (the mountain in question, though *Corrig* is the true name,) one of the Barrys, a gentleman who was both rich and good. I wish we had more of the stamp among us now—'tis little of the Whiteboys or Ribbonmen would trouble the country then. He had a fine fortune, kept up a fine house, and lived at a dashing rate. It does not matter, here nor there, how many servants he

had; but I mention them, because one of them was a very remarkable fellow. His equal was not to be had, far or near, for love or money.

"This servant was called Con O'Keefe. He was a crabbed little man, with a face the very colour and texture of old parchment, and he had lived in the family time out of mind. He was such a small, dwarfish creature that no one ever thought of putting him to hard work. All that they did was, now and again, from the want of a better messenger at the moment, or to humour the old man, to send him to Rathcormac post-office for letters. But he was too weak and too feeble to walk so far—though it was only a matter of two or three miles; so they got him a little ass, and he rode upon it, quite as proud as a general at the head of an army of conquerors. 'Twas as good as a play to see Con mounted upon his donkey—you could scarcely make out which had the most stupid look. But neither man nor beast can help his looks.

"Con O'Keefe was not worth his keep, for

any good he did ; but, truth to say, he had the name of being hand and glove with the fairies ; and, at that time, Corran Thierna swarmed with them. They changed their quarters when the regiments from Fermoy barracks took to firing against targets stuck up at the foot of the mountain. Not that a ball could ever hit a fairy (except a silver one cast by a girl in her teens, who has never wished for a lover, or a widow under forty who has not thought of a second husband—so there's little chance that it ever will be cast,) but they hate the noise of the firing and the smell of gunpowder, quite as much as Beelzebub hates holy water.

" 'Tis reckoned lucky in these parts to have a friend of the fairies in the house with you, and that was partly the reason why Con O'Keefe was kept at Barry's-fort. Many and many a one could swear to hearing him and ' the good folk' talk together at twilight on his return from Rathcormac with the letter bag. My own notion is, that if he *had* anything to say to them, he had more sense than to hold conversation with them on the high

road, for that might have led to a general discovery. Con was fond of a drop, and, when he took it, (which was in an algebraic way, that is 'any *given* quantity') he had such famous spirits, and his tongue went so glibly, that, in the absence of other company, he was sometimes forced to talk to himself, as he trotted home.

"One night, as he was going along, rather the worse for liquor, he thought he heard a confused sound of voices in the air, directly over his head. He stopped, and, sure enough, it was the fairies, who were chattering away like a bevy of magpies; but he did not know this at the time.

"At first he thought it might be some of the neighbours wanting to play him a trick. So, to show that he was not afraid, (for the drink had made him bold as a lion,) when the voices above and around him kept calling out 'High up! high up!' he put in his spoke, and shouted, as loud as any of them, 'High up! high up with ye, my lads!'—No sooner said than done. He was whisked off his donkey, in

a twinkling, and was ‘high up’ in the air, in the very middle of a crowd of ‘good people’—for it happened to be one of their festival nights, and the cry that poor little Con heard was the summons for gathering them all together. There they were, mighty small, moving about as quickly as motes in the sunshine. Although Con had the reputation at Barry's-fort, of being well acquainted with them all, you may well believe that there was not a single face among the lot that he knew.

“ At length, off they all went, when their leader—a little morsel of a fellow, not bigger than Hop-o'-my thumb—bawled out ‘High for France! high for France! high over!’ Off they went, through the air—quick as if they were on a steeple-chase. Moss and moor—mountain and valley—green field and brown bog—land and water were all left behind, and they never once halted until they reached the coast of France.

“ They immediately made for the house (there it is called the *château*) of a great lord —one of the Seigneurs of the Court—and

bolted through the key-hole into his wine-cellar, without leave or license. How little Con was squeezed through, I never could understand, but it is as sure as fate that he went into the cellar with them. They soon got astride the casks, and commenced drinking the best wines, without waiting to be invited. Con, you may be sure, was not behind any of them, as far as the drinking went. The more he drank the better relish he had for their tipple. The 'good people,' somehow or other, did not appear at all surprised at Con's being among them, but they *did* wonder at his great thirst, and pressed him to take enough—and Con was not the man who'd wait to be asked twice. So they drank on till night slipped away, when the sun—like a proper gentleman as he is—sent in one of his earliest beams as a sort of gentle hint that it was full time for them to return. They had a parting-glass, and, in half-an-hour or so, had crossed the wide sea, and dropped little Con ('pretty well, I thank you,' by this time,) on the precise spot he had left on the evening before. He had

been drinking out of a beautiful golden cup in the cellar, and, by some mistake or other, it had slipped up the sleeve of the large loose coat he wore, and so he brought it home with him. Not that Con was not honest enough, but surely a man may be excused for taking 'a cup too much' in a wine cellar!

"Con was soon awakened by the warm sunbeams playing upon his face. At first, he thought he had been dreaming, and he might have thought so to his dying day, but that, when he got on his feet, the golden cup rolled on the road before him, and was proof positive that all was a reality.

"He said his prayers directly, between him and harm. Then he put up the cup and walked home, where as his little donkey had returned on the previous night without him, the family had given him up as lost or drowned. Indeed, some of them sagaciously suggested the probability of his having gone off for good, with the fairies.

"Now, does not my story convince you that there *must* be such things as fairies? It is

not more than twenty years since I heard Con O'Keefe tell the whole story from beginning to end; and he'd say or swear with any man that the whole of it was true as gospel. And, as sure as my name is Dennis McCann, I *do* believe that Con was in strange company that night."

I ventured to say to Mr. McCann, that, incredulous as I was, I must have better evidence than little Con's own declaration.

"To be sure you shall," said he. "Was not the golden cup taken up to Barry's-fort, and to be seen—as seen it was—by the whole country?"

I answered that, "Certainly, if the cup was to be seen there, the case was materially altered."

"I did not say that the cup *is* at Barry's-fort," said Mr. Conn, "only that it *was*. The end of the story, indeed, is nearly as strange as the beginning.—When Con O'Keefe came back from his wonderful excursion, no one believed a word of what he said; for though it was whispered that he was great

with the fairies, yet, when the matter came tangibly before them, they did not credit it. But Con soon settled their doubts ; he brought forward the cup, and there was no gainsaying *that* evidence.

" Mr. Barry took the cup into his own keeping, and, the name and residence of the French lord being engraved upon it, determined (as in honour bound) to send it home again. So he went off to Cove, without any delay, taking Con with him ; and as there luckily was a vessel going off to France that very day, he sent off little Con with the cup and his very best compliments.

" Now, the cup was a great favourite with the French lord, (being a piece of family plate, given to one of his ancestors by one of the old kings of France, whose life he had saved in battle) and nothing could equal the hubbub and confusion that arose when it was missing. His lordship called for some wine at dinner, and great was his anger when the lackey handed it to him in a glass, declaring that they could not find the golden goblet. He

threw glass, and wine, and all at the servant's head—flew into a terrible passion—and swore, by all that was good and bad, that he would not take any thing stronger than water until the cup was on the table again ; and that, if it was not forthcoming in a week, he'd turn off every servant he had, without paying them their wages, or giving them a character.

"The cup was well searched for, but all to no purpose, as you may suppose. At last, the week came to an end—the servants had all their clothes packed up, to be off in the morning. His lordship was getting dreadfully tired of drinking cold water, and the whole house was, as one may say, turned topsy-turvey, when, to the delight and admiration of all, in came Con O'Keefe, from Ireland, with a letter from Mr. Barry and the cup in his fist.

"I rather think they welcomed him. His lordship made it a point to get 'glorious' that night, and, as in duty bound, the entire household followed his example, with all the pleasure in life. You may be certain that Con played away finely at the wine—you know the

fairies had made him free of the cellar—so he knew the taste of the liquor, and relished it too. There can be no doubt that there was a regular jollification in the château that night.

"Con remained in France for a month, and was perfectly in clover, for, from the lord to the lackey, every one liked him. When he returned, he had a heavy purse of gold for himself, and many fine presents for his master. Indeed, while the French lord lived, which was for fifteen good years longer, a couple of hogsheads of excellent claret were annually received at Barry's-fort, as a present from him, and there was no wine in the country to equal it. As for Con O'Keefe, he never had the luck to meet the fairies again, a misfortune he very sincerely lamented. And that's the whole story."

I asked Mr. McCann, whether he really believed *all* of it? That worthy replied in these words :—

"Why, in truth, I must say, some parts of it require rather an elastic mind to take in :—but there's no doubt that Con *was* sent

over to France, where it is said, there was a great to-do about a golden cup. I am positive, that Mr. Barry used to receive a present of claret, every year, from a French lord. If the tale *be* true — and I have told it as I have heard Con O'Keefe tell it, especially when overcome by liquor, at which time, the truth is sure to come out—it is proof positive, that there have been fairies in this neighbourhood, and that within the memory of man!"

Such a logical conclusion was incontrovertible, especially when enforced by a facetious wink from the schoolmaster, so, I even left matters as they were, and listened, with all proper attention, to other stories in the same vein, and to the same effect. If the narrator did not credit them, most of his auditors did, which amounts to much the same in the end.

"Even here," said the Artist, "we may

trace a relationship with some of the German traditions. Like the Irish, they have their cellar-haunters, who invariably tap the best wine, and make themselves merry with whatever the cellar and larder can supply. Like the Irish, too, they have traditions of gigantic dwellers in the land, in days gone by, and they re-people the Hartz with men of enormous stature and strength, capable of daring and doing any thing."

"Like the Genii, in the Arabian Tales, I suppose?" said Lady Tressilian, who had attentively listened to the conversation.

"Not exactly," answered the Artist, "for the Genii of Eastern story are spoken of as possessing supernatural powers, while the giants of Western tradition, having nothing remarkable, except their size and strength, and so far from being endowed with more than human powers, may be noticed, on the contrary, as being slow-witted and rather dull of comprehension,—for, like most very tall people of the present day, their upper story is unfurnished. Such were Finn Mac Coul, and

his great rival Ossian, neither of whom can be named as remarkably bright 'boys.' I can tell you a legend about them which will bear out my assertion."

II.

LEGENDS OF FINN MAC COUL.

In the good old times, "when Malachi wore the collar of gold, which he won from the proud invader," no Irish hero was more celebrated than Finn Mac Coul. What cabin is there, from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear, which is not full of his glory?

Finn Mac Coul was famous for his strength of mind and body—for his wisdom and his might. The Saxons fled before him when he unfurled Ireland's ancient banner—which bore the poetical name of The Sunburst—and thousands arrayed themselves around it: mountain and vale, plain and tarn, hall and bower,

were full of the glory of his graceful deeds of gentle courtesy. His mighty mind was suitably lodged, for he was tall as one of the sons of Anak, and might have passed for own brother to him of Gath.

Before relating any of his wonderful bodily achievements, it may be as well to mention the mysterious manner in which his wisdom, like a tangible revelation, fell upon him.

In the ancient days of Ireland's glory, the province of Munster was a Kingdom, and was called Momonia. One of the Mac Carthy family had Sovereign sway. He was a good-natured, soft-hearted, fat-headed sort of neutral character—one of that class, still too common in Ireland, known by the apologetic *sobriquet* of "nobody's enemy but his own." He kept open house for all comers, and the effect of his undiscriminating hospitality was that, a monarch in name, he was next to a pauper in reality, living, as the saying is, quite "from hand to mouth." This he could have borne, for, like the eels, he was used to it, but the empty state of his exchequer

rendered him unable to pay for the military services of his subjects, and the result was, that his dominions gradually fell into a state of partition among his brother monarchs of greater power, richer treasury, and smaller hospitality.

It happened that one of these, named Macmurragh—an ancestor of him whose daughter's frailty led to the subjugation of Ireland by Henry II.—ruled over Leinster, while poor Mac Carthy was enjoying nominal empire over the rich plains of Munster. Macmurragh was ambitious. He saw what an easy prey Momonia might be. He wished to feed his herds upon that beautiful tract of land intersected by the river Suir, which even yet is called "The Golden Vale," and he declared war to the knife against King Mac Carthy.

It happened that Mac Carthy was fully aware of the value of the golden vale—indeed it was the very pride of his heart. He determined to resist his foe, as best he could. But before taking up arms, on the defensive, he

resolved to have recourse to other than mortal aid.

It was some time before the avatar of Saint Patrick—that redoubted patriarch whose mission it was to teach the benighted Irish the benefits of religion and the blessings of whiskey. Therefore, under King Mac Carthy, Druidism was the "established church." One of the most ancient Arch-Druids in Munster resided in a cave near Mitchelstown, dug by his own hands in one of the Galtee Mountains, and to him, in this emergency, King Mac Carthy betook himself for advice and aid.

The Arch-Druid was noted, far and near, as an interpreter of dreams, a diviner of auguries, an unraveller of mysteries, and a reader of prophecies. Common rumour declared that he was master of enchantments,—that the thunder rolled and the lightning flashed at his command,—that he had communion with spirits from another world, and could compel them to obey his bidding.

After the performance of many rites and ceremonies, some penance and much prayer,

the Arch-Druid asked the King of Munster whether he knew that part of the West which we now call Mayo? Mac Carthy replied that he ought to know it, for he had been brought up there. "Then," said the Arch-Druid, "thither we must go. For in one of the rivers which run through that district, by the foot of a lofty mountain, there is a salmon, which, if caught, cooked, and eaten, will bestow long life and health, wisdom and valour, success in arms and love, upon him who eats it."

The King thanked the Arch-Druid for his information, and gave him a liberal largess, when he added that in the book of the future it was written that this wonderful fish was predestined to be caught by his own royal hands. This put him into excellent spirits, and he proposed to the Arch-Druid that they should "make a night of it," which they did, upon mead—for, in those days, whiskey had not been invented.

The next day they set off on their fishing-tour. The way was long, the roads bad, and

travelling rather dangerous. But, seating themselves on the Arch-Druid's cloak, its wizard-owner muttering a few cabalistic words, forthwith they were wafted, men and cloak, through the air, on the swift wings of the wind, to the precipitous ridge of hills surrounding the lofty rock now called Croagh Patrick. The cloak and its two passengers finally dropped down on the bank of the river of which the Arch-Druid had spoken.

They followed the course of the stream through one of the most fertile valleys that sunshine ever glanced upon, until they reached a dark cavern where the struggling waters sink suddenly into the earth. No one has yet been able to ascertain whither the stream finally goes—whether it again rises to the earth—whether it runs through a sub-terranean channel, or is sucked in to quench the Phlegethon of this world's central fires. No one knows—nor would it much matter if he did.

Close by the mouth of this cavern is a dark, deep hollow, over which the gloom of eternal night ever seems to rest, and into which the

stream falls before it sinks into the abyss, whirling in foamy eddies, warring as in agony, and casting up a jet of spray into the air. Loudly the waters roar as they fall on the rugged rock beneath—they are whirled round and round until, at regular intervals, they descend into the yawning gulf beneath.

In this pool, among thousands of fishes, of all sorts and sizes, was the Salmon of Knowledge, the possession of which was to make King Mac Carthy amazingly wise, and irresistibly mighty. By this pool he sat, in company with the Arch-Druid, day after day, for a whole month, until their patience was nearly exhausted and their provisions wholly. They had sport enough to satisfy Isaak Walton himself, for they were perpetually catching fish. There was a little hut hard by, and in it the King and the Arch-Druid alternately officiated as cook. Still, though he was latterly on a fish diet, the King grew never the wiser. He got so tired of that kind of food that historians have gone the length of assert-

ing that even a Greenwich white-bait dinner would have had no charm for his palled appetite. Amid the finest fish that Royalty ever feasted upon, he sighed for the white and red of his own fine mutton from the green fields of Munster.

To add to his misfortune, though he wanted only one salmon, fish of all sorts *would* hook themselves on to his line. There was perpetual trouble in taking them off the hook. They determined to judge of the salmon, as Lavater did of men, by their looks. Therefore, the fat and plump fish obtained the dangerous distinction of being broiled or boiled, while the puny ones were thrown back, with the other fish, into the water.

Thus it happened that, one evening at dusk, having caught a lank, lean, spent salmon, they did not think it worth cooking, and the King took it up to throw it back into the water. He did not cast it far enough, and the poor fish remained on the bank. It was quietly wriggling itself back into its native element, when it was espied by a little boy who had a

special taste for broiled fish. He seized it, took it home, made a fire, and set about cooking it.

This youth was the famous Finn Mac Coul: —but he was not famous *then*. He had fled from the South, from some enemies of his family, and, being hungry, the salmon, poor and lean as it seemed, was better to him than nothing.

The fire being red, he put the salmon upon it. The poor fish, not quite dead, writhed on the live coals, and the heat caused a great blister to swell out upon its side. Finn Mac Coul noticed this, and, fearing that the fish would be spoiled if the blister were to rise any more, pressed his thumb upon it. The heat soon made him withdraw it. Naturally enough, he put it into his mouth to draw out the pain. At that moment, he felt a strange thrill throughout his whole frame. He was suddenly changed in mind. The moment that thumb touched his lips, he had increase of knowledge. *That* told him that he could not do better than devour the salmon. That done, he was a

changed Finn—a new and enlarged edition, with additions ; quite a tall-paper copy.

That night, Finn Mac Coul quietly strayed down to the cavern, and found the King and the Arch-Druid at high words. His Majesty had dreamed, in his afternoon nap, that the Salmon of Knowledge had been on his hook, and that the Arch-Druid had coaxed it off, and privily cooked and eaten it. Finn told him that the Arch-Druid knew that the salmon could be caught only by a King's hand, but had intended, even before they left Munster, to cook and eat it himself, and then to usurp the crown. The Arch-Druid, who had a conscience, had not a word of explanation or excuse. The King immediately ran him through the body, and engaged Finn, (who, by this time, had shot up to the height of twelve feet,) to lead his armies against the invading King of Leinster, and the result was that, so far from conquering Munster, and appropriating the Golden Vale, King Mac Murragh was obliged to pray for pardon, and to pay tribute to King Mac Carthy, who, thenceforward, with

the aid of Finn Mac Coul's strength, was the most powerful of all the monarchs of Ireland.

Contemporary with Finn Mac Coul, was the renowned giant, called Ossian. There has been a question whether he were Scotch or Irish. But as Ossian certainly came all the way from Scotland to compete with Finn Mac Coul, it is not likely that they were countrymen.

That contest—it was of the description given by Ovid of what took place between Ajax and Ulysses. Go to that wild and beautiful district near Dublin, that patch of mountain scenery, so splendid and romantic. known as the Breaks of Ballynascorney, and learn, as I did, all that tradition now reports of the contest between Ossian and Finn Mac Coul.

A mountain road winds through these Breaks, like a huge snake. By the road side there stands a tremendous rock of granite—perfectly isolated. Many such are to be seen scattered over the island, and the general belief

is, that each column-stone marks the spot where some noted warrior had fallen in the old contests between the Irish and their Danish invaders. A different legend belongs to *this* rock.

The day had been beautiful—one of those brilliant days of softness and balm so prevalent in Ireland. The noon-tide sun may have been a little too sunny, but this could be remedied by reposing in the pleasant shadow of some of the lofty cairns which abound in that place. The day gently glided on, until, when a summer-shower made the heath glitter with its diamond drops, we sought shelter in a rustic cabin by the way-side.

No one was within, but an old woman, remarkably talkative. She paid us a world of attention—insinuated a world of compliments on the beaming beauty of the fair lady who accompanied me—would "engage that one so pretty was not without a sweetheart," and, with a smile at myself, "would not be long without a husband"—hoped that she "would be happy as the day was long, and live to see

her great-grand-children at her feet,"—was certain she was an Irishwoman, "for she had the fair face, and the small hand, and the bright blue eye, and the long dark lash, and the bounding step,"—and prophesied more good fortune than (to one of the party, at least) has yet been fulfilled.

This old woman was a good specimen of a shrewd Irish peasant. Her compliments were insinuated rather than expressed; and *malgré* the brogue, I question when more delicate flattery—pleasant, after all, to one's *amour propre*—could be more dexterously conveyed in the circles which we call brilliant. This tact in the matter of compliment appears intuitive.

Allusion having been made to the granite column in the neighbourhood, our hostess asked whether we should like "to know all about it." The answer was in the affirmative, and then—happy to hear the tones of her own voice, proud of giving information to persons above her own station, and in pleased anticipation of a *douceur*—she told us a legend which, as hers was

rather prolix, I shall take leave to give you in my own words.

Finn Mac Coul went hunting one day, on the Curragh of Kildare. His sport was indifferent, for he brought down only a leash of red deer, and a couple of wolves. He came back to his house, on the hill of Allen, in such bad spirits, that his wife asked him what was the matter, and said that, no doubt, he would have better sport another time. Heaving a deep sigh, he told her that it was not his bad sport that annoyed him, but that news had that morning reached him that Ossian, the Scotch giant, was coming over to challenge him to a trial of strength, and if he lost the day—for he could not decline the contest—his credit, and the credit of Ireland, would be gone for ever.

At this news, Finn's wife became as low-spirited as himself. They sat by the fire, like Witherington, "in doleful dumps," and their thoughts were the reverse of happy.

Suddenly, the lady—for the life of me I cannot bring myself to designate her as plain "Mrs. Mac Coul"—asked her disconsolate lord

and master at what time Ossian was expected to arrive?—Finn told her that the Scottish Hercules had intimated his intention of paying his visit at noon on the following day. "Oh! then," said she, brightening up, "there's no need to despair. Leave all to me, and I'll bring you through it like a Trojan. A bolt is no blot until 'tis entered." This remark, showing at once her philosophy and her knowledge of back-gammon, was very consolatory to Finn Mac Coul, who, like men before and since, was rather under what is called petticoat government. His mind was relieved when his wife saw daylight.

After breakfast, the next day, Finn (by his wife's direction), went into a huge child's-cradle, a feat which he had some difficulty in accomplishing. There he lay, crumpled up uneasily, while she kept busy in the kitchen, baking some cake or griddle-bread.

By and bye, up came Ossian, who knocked at the door, and civilly enquired whether Finn Mac Coul lived there, and if he were at home? "No," said his wife, "he's gone to the fair of

Bartlemy, but I am his wife, and, perhaps, I can answer for him."

"What!" said Ossian, "did not he hear that I, Ossian of Scotland, was coming over for a trial of strength with him? I hope he does not mean to skulk. Wherever he may be, I shall not return home until I *see* him, and until he *feel* me."

When the wife found that Ossian was too far North, to be put off by a "not at home," she put the best face on it, welcomed him to Ireland, hoped he had a pleasant passage, and that the tossing on the salt-water did not disagree with him, invited him into the house, and said that Finn would soon be back, and ready to indulge him in any way he pleased.

Ossian sat down by the fire, quite at his ease. He had a great conceit of himself, and was, indeed, the strongest man in Europe at that time. He noticed the large cakes that were baking in the oven, each of them taking two stone weight of flour, and asked why she made them of such a size. "They are for that little creature in the cradle, there," said she,

pointing over her shoulder to Finn. Then Ossian looked round, and noticed the cradle, with Finn in it, and a nightcap on his head, and tied under his chin, and he pretending to be fast asleep all the time.

Astonished at the immense bulk, Ossian called out, "Who's there? What man is that in the cradle?"—"Man!" said Finn's wife, with a pleasant little laugh, "that's our youngest child. I am weaning him now, and I sometimes think the fairies have overlooked him, he's so dwarfed and small, and does not promise to be half the size of his father and his brothers."

Ossian never said a word to that; but he could not take his eyes off the cradle, thinking, no doubt, if the undergrown baby was such a bouncer, what must the father be.

By and bye, Finn's wife told Ossian that, as he had a long journey, and Finn was staying out longer than she expected, he might as well take some refreshment, without waiting for him. The cakes were nice and brown by this time, and she asked him to break his fast

with one of them. He took it, and when he made a bite in it, he roared again with pain, for his two best front teeth were broken. "Oh!" he cried out, "It is as hard as iron,"—and so it might be, for she had put an iron griddle into it, and baked it with it in. "Hard?" said she, "Why, that child there would not taste it if it were a bit softer."

Then she recommended Ossian to wash the pain away with a sup of the finest whiskey in the province; and she fetched a wooden *piggin*, that would hold about a gallon to a gallon and a half, and filled it to the brim. Ossian took a long pull at it; as much as a quart or so. Then Finn's wife laughed downright at him for taking so little. "Why," said she, "the child there in the cradle, thinks nothing of emptying that *piggin* in one draught." So, for shame's sake, and because he did not like to be thought a milk-sop, Ossian took a little more, and a little more yet, until, before long, the liquor got the better of him.

Now, this was the very pass that the good

wife wished to bring him to. "While his father is out," said she, "and I wonder why he is not home before now, maybe you'd like to see the child there throw a stone, or try a fall with you, or do any of the diverting little tricks that his father teaches him." Ossian consented, and she went over to the cradle and gave Finn a shake. "Wake up, dear," said she, "and amuse the gentleman."

So Finn stretched himself, and Ossian wondered at his black beard, and his great bulk. "Pon my word," said he, "you're a fine child for your age." Then, turning to Finn's wife, he asked, "Has he cut any of his teeth yet?" She bade him feel his gums. Then Ossian put two of his fingers into Finn's mouth, and the moment they were there Finn bit them to the bone. Ossian jumped round the room with pain. "Ah!" said Finn's wife, "You should see his father's teeth; he thinks nothing of biting off the head of a two-shilling nail, when he uses it for a tooth-pick."

By this time, Ossian was far from comfortable. But he thought he must put the best

face on it: so he said to Finn, "Come, my lad, let us see how your father teaches you to wrestle."

Finn did not say a word, but grappled Ossian round the waist, and laid him sprawling on the ground before he could say "Jack Robinson." Ossian picked himself up, very sulkily, and rubbed the place that had come in contact with the hard floor of the kitchen.

"Now," said Finn's wife, "maybe you'd like to see the child throw a stone." And then Finn went in front of the house, where there was a heap of great rocks, and he took up the very identical stone which now stands in the Breaks of Ballynascory, and flung it all the way from the hill of Allen. To this day it bears the marks of Finn's five fingers and thumb—for his hand was not like an ordinary hand—when he grasped it; and to this day, also, that stone bears Finn's name.

Ossian was greatly surprised, as well he might be, at such a cast. He asked "Could your father throw such a stone much farther?"—"Is it my father?" said Finn, "faith, he'd cast

it all the way to America, or Scotland, or the Western Indies, and think nothing of it!"

This was enough for Ossian. He would not venture on a trial of strength with the father, when the son could beat him. So he pretended to recollect some sudden business that called him back, post-haste, to Scotland, thinking he never could get away half quick enough. And the stone remains where Finn threw it, and, if you only go that way, any one on or near the Sigham mountain will shew you FINN MAC COUL'S FINGER STONE.

"If you will permit me to *read* you a story," said the Major, "in which I have drawn very slightly on fancy, and very largely on fact, I shall be very happy in contributing to the amusement of the day. The heroine of the story is personally known to me, and I have embodied not only her recollections, but have corrected them by the more matter-of-fact

narrative which appeared in the newspapers at the time the events actually occurred."

"We shall be delighted," exclaimed Lady Morton, "to hear another of these dear Irish legends. I am sure that we have nothing like them in this country."

"I am grieved," said the Major, with a bow, "that mine is not a legend, but a narrative of events, which took place not many years ago. I had peculiar opportunities of getting at a full knowledge of the truth. I knew the heroine, have conversed with the hero, I was present at the trial, and I spared no trouble in obtaining full knowledge of what was done, and from what motives."

"We shall much prefer a true romance to an imagined one," replied Lady Morton.

"Then I shall get my manuscript at once," said the Major. "The story made such an impression on my mind, that, for once, I resorted to pen and ink to preserve its memory, while the matter was recent."

III.

CAPTAIN ROCK.

Chapter I.

THE WAKE.

The year 1822 was remarkable for being, what, in Ireland, was emphatically called "a Whiteboy year." Rents were paid only upon compulsion. Tithes were not paid at all. Wages were low. The price of food was high. In short, many causes combined to render the peasantry ripe for revolt; and, as on one side there were not wanting leaders to head the popular movements, so on the other, there

was no lack of Government spies to fan the flame.

In the county of Limerick, the discontented and disaffected were principally concentrated. From time to time the military force in that county had to be augmented, until at the particular period in question, there were three or four regiments of infantry, and one of cavalry, on harrassing duty. Added to this was the Constabulary force, introduced by Sir Robert (then Mr.) Peel, while Secretary for Ireland, the members of which, after his name, have obtained the *soubriquet* of "Peelers." An active and efficient body of men these Peelers were, and are, although the force, from its original establishment, has been unpopular in Ireland—its very activity and efficiency may have caused this. Be this as it may, while the bulk of the Irish people, of all classes, cordially fraternize with the soldiery, they have ever manifested a strong dislike to the police. This unfriendly feeling, too, has been fostered

by many of those who, from their station and property, might have been expected to entertain gratitude, and exercise courtesy towards these protectors of their lives and property.

Whiteboyism increased, notwithstanding the strong military and police force poured into the district. Detachments of infantry were quartered in almost every hamlet—the cavalry were dreadfully over-worked—called "here, there, and every where," upon false alarms. At last, as a necessary matter of protection, two or three Peelers were located in almost every respectable country-house in certain disturbed baronies. The whole county was in a dreadful state of alarm, excitement, and activity.

The Whiteboy movements, although not confined to one part of the county Limerick, were remarked as chiefly occurring on that side which is bordered by the county of Cork. In a little time, they might be said to radiate from a particular district, spreading into what,

from its extent, has been called "The Yorkshire of Ireland." More troops were called in to preserve order. All was in vain. A regular Guerilla warfare began to prevail, chiefly for the purpose of obtaining the arms of the military and police. It was by no means uncommon for a sentry, at a country station, to be quietly picked out by the steady hand and sure aim of a Whiteboy—the shot that gave his death being at once the sole announcement and fatal evidence of his peril. The service grew so dangerous that there arose an evident reluctance, on the part of the military, to continue on such alarming duty, and desertions became frequent. On the other hand, the police doggedly did their duty. Of a much higher grade than the ordinary rank and file of the army—for no man was allowed to enter or remain in the force without an excellent character and a certain degree of education—they had a higher estimate of their duty, and a stubborn determination to perform it. They

knew, also, that the peasantry hated them, and that even the thankless gentry, whom they protected, did not think too favourably of them.

The Rifle Brigade was on duty, in the disturbed district, at the time I have mentioned. The most fatiguing and unpleasant office they had to perform was that of night-patroling. The laws of that time were harsh—indeed, they had been expressly framed to put down the disturbances—and provided that the mere fact of a man's being found out of his house, between sunrise and sunset, should be punishable with seven years' transportation. This severe enactment put a great check, of course, upon nocturnal predatory meetings, but many an innocent man suffered from the harshness of the law. A strong feeling of hostility arose against the Rifle corps, for their activity in apprehending the suspected. This was greatly augmented by what, under any circumstances, might be considered an "untoward event." One of the peasantry had been met on the

high-road, after dark, and challenged by the patrol. Not giving a satisfactory answer, his instant apprehension was ordered by the officer in command. He attempted to escape, and was in the act of jumping across a deep drain which divided the high road from the bog, when, fearful that, if he did so, he might baffle pursuit, a serjeant drew a pistol from his belt, and shot him on the spot.

The unfortunate man was *not* a Whiteboy. On the contrary, he had steadily resisted the invitations and blandishments of many neighbours who were. He had seen better days, and received rather a good education. Knowing the danger of joining the illegal combinations, and daring the peril of being considered luke-warm in what, by a very strong poetical license, was called "the cause of his country," he had kept himself aloof from the proceedings which he did not approve, but would not betray. His family had been subjected, for months past, to the severe priva-

tions which poverty causes everywhere, but particularly in Ireland. His wife had been extremely ill, and, on a sudden change for the worse, his affection had naturally got the better of his personal fear, and he had ventured out, after dusk, to solicit the aid of the nearest dispensary doctor, when, challenged by the military, he sought safety in flight, and had met with his untimely fate, in the manner I have described.

All who know anything of the peculiar customs of the South of Ireland must be aware that the peasantry have an especial delight in doing honour to the dead. To celebrate "a wake" is, with them, a matter of social duty. They usually take that mode of testifying, in a merry mood, their grief for the departed. The unfortunate victim of military impetuosity was carried to the nearest public-house on the way-side, and when the soldiers told how he had lost his life, "curses not loud but deep" very unequivocally indicated the popular feel-

ing that he was "a murdered man." Nor was this feeling mitigated by the "Justifiable homicide" verdict of the Coroner's inquest. Entertaining such opinions, it was not likely that his relatives and friends would solicit as a favour, at the hands of his slayers, leave "to keep the wake." They did not ask it. Perhaps they had little fear that, in such a case, their ancient and time-honoured custom would be interfered with. Accordingly, they *took* leave, and a numerous concourse of the people assembled, after dusk on the evening of the inquest, in the cabin of the deceased.

To one who loved the picturesque, the scene would have been interesting, for it contained all variety of countenance, costume, and manner. But it possessed an intenser and far deeper interest for him who had studied the human heart, its passionate throes, its indignant feelings, its wild energies, its strong convulsions, its lacerated affections. There lay

the corpse, with a crucifix at its head, and twelve mould candles on a table at its feet. By the bedside knelt the widow—actually, by an unnatural excitement, rendered temporarily convalescent by the sharp intelligence that she had lost the husband of her heart. By the corpse, on the opposite side, sat their only child, a lad ten years old, apparently unconscious of the extent of the calamity which had thus early orphaned him. A professional Keener (like the "hired waiting women" of Scripture) was ranged on either side of the deceased, awaiting a full audience for the similated grief, and now and then muttering fragments of their intended Lament. Around the humble apartment—for the peasant's cabin contained only a single room—were ranges of stools, three deep, and here and there were deal tables, on which stood tobacco-pipes, and the more *spirited* materials for the refreshment and enjoyment which, by a strange contrast with the awful occasion

which collected them together, are considered not only proper but indispensable.

Stealthily, and at intervals, the friends of the dead man dropped in—for there was an uncertainty whether the military would permit such an assemblage. Before long, the room was crowded, all fear gradually subsided, and the party, albeit assembled on a melancholy occasion, soon waxed warm in their merriment.

The mirth, however, was subdued—for they made the endeavour to preserve comparative silence as long as they could. The stillness every now and then became positive when they noticed the voiceless sorrow of the widow, as, pale and emaciated by suffering of mind and body, she knelt by the dead, with his clay-cold hand in hers, and her eyes fixed upon his comely face, now pallid with the hue of death, and placid in repose, as that of a sleeping infant. At intervals, there rose the melancholy and eloquent wail of the Keeners' wild

poetry, in the native language of the country, deeply impassioned, and full of the breathing indignation which stirs man's minds to an excitement, fitting them for any deed of daring.

The Keen told how the dead man had won the hearts of all who knew him—how he had excelled all his companions in the sports of youth and the athletic exercises of manhood—how, at pattern, fair, or dance, he still maintained his superiority—how he had won his first love, the pride of their native village, and had married her—how when a shadow fell upon their fortunes, that loved-one lightened, by sharing, the burthen, the struggle, and the grief,—how, amid the desolation, her gentle smile made a bright sunshine in their home,—how he had fallen, in the noon of life, a victim without a crime,—how there remained his young boy, to remember, and it might be, to avenge his death,—how every man who was present would protect and sustain the widow

and the orphan of him whom they had loved so well—and how, come it soon or late, a day would arrive when expiation must be made for the foul deed which had sent an innocent man to an untimely grave.

As the chief Keener chaunted this Lament, in the expressive and figurative language of their native Ireland, the hearts of her auditory throbbed with deep and varying emotions—sorrow swelled into the sterner sense of injury—wild indignation flushed the cheek of manhood,—and hand was pressed in hand with a fierce pressure, in well understood pledge of grief for the dead, hatred for his slayers, and stern resolve of vengeance.

About nine o'clock, the door slowly opened, and a tall man, apparelled in the loose great coat, or *coát-a-more,* that forms the principal dress of the peasantry in that district, stood for some minutes on the threshold, an unobserved spectator. At length, he was perceived, and the fact of his arrival whispered

round. Many arose to offer him a seat, which he declined; and soon all voices joined in a common cry of "Welcome! Captain. A thousand and a hundred thousand welcomes!"

The stranger returned the salutation, cordially but briefly, and, advanced with grave air and slow steps to where the dead man lay. He gazed upon the face for some time, amid the deep silence of all around, and then, laying his hand on that cold pallid brow, said in a tone of deep, concentrated feeling,— "Farewell, John Sheehan! Yours has been a better fate than remains for us — to be hunted down, like wild beasts, and sent, after the mockery of a trial, from the homes of our fathers, to a far-off land, where even the slavery they doom us to, is better than the troubled life we linger in, from which caprice or cruelty may hurry us in a moment. Farewell, then; but, by the bright Heaven above us, and the green fields around us, I swear to

know no rest until bitter vengeance be taken for this most cruel and barbarous murther." His cheek flushed—his eyes flashed—his frame trembled with strong emotion as he sternly made this vow, and, when he ceased to speak, a deep "Amen," was murmured all around by the eager-eyed men who hung upon his slightest word, with as trusting and entire a faith, as ever did the followers of the Veiled Prophet upon the mystic revelations which promised them glory upon earth, and eternal happiness in Heaven.

The widow, roused from the abstraction of grief by this solemn and striking incident, looked the thanks which she had not voice to utter. When the Stranger laid his hand upon the orphan's head, and said; "He shall be my care, and as I deal by him, may God deal by me!" her long-repressed tears gushed forth, in a strong hysteric agony, which was not subdued until her child was placed within her earnest embrace, and kissed again and again—

with the widowed mother's solacing thought, there yet remained one for whom to live.

Turning from the corpse, the stranger took his seat among the guests in that lowly cabin He was of large mould, with a bold, quick glance, and an air of intelligence superior to his apparent station. It was singular, his appearance among them, while it evidently awakened their most respectful attention, chilled and checked the rising mirth of the visitors. After a pause, one of them ventured to hint, that the first allowance of liquor had been drank out, so that "there did not remain an egg-shell-full to drink the health of The Captain." There was a murmur of applause at the remark. Thus encouraged, another ventured to suggest, that a fresh supply be provided at the general expense of the company—the gallantry of the men exempting the fair sex from any share in this payment. The necessary sum was speedily collected, and a supply of whiskey, (which had

not condescended to acknowledge the ruling government by any contribution to the excise-duties) was procured from the next *shebeen*—or unlicensed depôt for the sale of "mountain dew"—and placed upon the table.

The Stranger, who had appeared quite unobservant of this proceeding, and who—on the principle of "silence gives consent"—had even been supposed rather to sanction than condemn it, suddenly interrupted the hilarious arrangements thus commenced. He started up and exclaimed. "Is it thus, and always thus, that I am to find you?—the slaves or the victims of your besotted senses. Is there any thing to be done?—I look for the man to do it, and I find him sunk in drunkenness, Is a secret to be kept?—it is blabbed on the highway, to the ruin of a good cause, by the man who suffers drink to steal away his reason. When I lie down to sleep, I can dream only of ruin, for this subtle devil can tempt the truest into a traitor. And, now, with the hour

of triumph at hand—the rich hope of vengeance near fulfilment—there is not a man among you all, bound to me as you are, heart and hand, who would not surrender the victory and the vengeance, if he were only allowed to drink on until he had reduced himself to a level with the senseless brute. Give me that liquor."

His command was instantly complied with, for he had rare ascendancy over the minds of those who acknowledged him as their leader. Dashing the vessel violently on the floor, he broke it, and every drop of its contents—the "fire water" of the American aborigines—was spilled. "There!" he cried. "Who serves with me, must obey me. When a deed is to be done, I will have obedience. When the deed is done, drink, if you will and while you will. But when service is to be performed, you *shall* be sober."

Not a syllable of dissent fell from the lips of those who heard him. Not a gesture,

not a look, indicated anger at what he had done.

"Mark me, my lads," he added, "I have arranged all beyond the chance of defeat. I have turned the main strength of the soldiers on a wrong scent four miles beyond Charlevette. I have laid my plans so that we cannot be disappointed, except through some fault of our own. Let us on to Churchtown Barracks. The serjeant, by whose rash and ready hand our friend has died, remains there with a handful of his comrades. Let us seize him, and give him the doom which he gave the innocent. If they resist, we can fire the barracks. But they will never be so mad as to oppose such a force as ours, when we tell them that we want only that one man. If they do—their blood be upon their own heads. Who joins me? Who will join in the cry 'On to Churchtown!'"

Every man present repeated the cry, "On to Churchtown!"—Some of the women joined in it, also.

The Whiteboys and their leader left the cabin. An ancient crone, almost a reputed witch, and certainly known to be by far the oldest woman in the district, hobbled after them as far as the door, and threw her shoe after them "for luck." Many a "God speed them" was breathed after that company of avengers, by young and fair women.

Hurrying across the bog, the Whiteboys came to a farm which stood almost isolated amid the black waste, from which it had been reclaimed. They drew musquets, pistols, and pikes from the turf-rick in which they had been concealed. Some of them brought old swords, and scythe-blades attached to pike-handles, from hiding-places in the bog itself. Stealthily, and across by paths unknown to and inaccessible to the military, that wild gang, "with whom Revenge was virtue," pushed forward for the attack on Churchtown Barracks.

Chapter II.

THE LEADER.

Silently and stealthily the Whiteboys proceeded to the scene of operation. Not a word was spoken—not a sound heard, except the noise of their footsteps whenever they got upon the high road. It seemed as if their leader had bound them together, by some spell peculiarly his own, to yield implicit and unquestioning obedience to his imperious will. It was a strong illustration of the aphorism, that "those who think must rule o'er those who toil." Whoever knows how lively is the natural temperament of the peasantry of the South of Ireland, must be aware of the difficulty of restraining them from loud-voice talking in the

open air :—but now, not one of that large and excited company spoke above his breath. Their leader's command was that they should be silent, and it met with complete obedience.

Who was that leader ?—The question involves some mystery, which it may be well to lay open before proceeding with the action of this narrative.

Who and whence was that leader ?—His birth would have secured him a "respectable" station in this society, if his wild passions, and the strong hand of Circumstance (that unspiritual god) had not so far

"Profaned his spirit, sank his brow."

that the ambition which, under better auspices, might have soared to higher aims,was now content with an unstable dominion over a few wild, uncultivated peasants, who, like fire and water, might be excellent servants, but with any opportunity of domination, would as certainly be tyrannic masters. He who would rule the rude

peasantry of Ireland must make up his mind to be governed by them, in turn, whenever *his* wishes and aims fall short of *theirs*. They will go with him while his desires and designs run together with their own : but they will speedily leave him behind, or force him with them, if they find him less eager than themselves.

The leader of the Whiteboys in 1822—the veritable CAPTAIN ROCK, who has been introduced at the Wake of the slain John Sheehan was a man of no common kind. His birth was respectable, his education good, his fortune had once been ample, his mind was full of varied and vigorous resources, he once had won favour and fame in the world's opinion, and few men, of any country, could compete with him in the personal advantages which spring from manly beauty of form and feature, activity of body, and a strength of frame which defied over-exertion and fatigue.

The father of John Cussen was a gentleman of independent fortune. That is, he had suc-

ceeded to a pretty good estate, and would have been in easy if not affluent circumstances, if he could have realised any thing like the nominal amount of his rent-roll. But there were two difficulties. Irish estates are usually subjected to such things as mortgages, which relentlessly absorb certain annual amounts in the shape of interest, and Irish tenants usually cherish the idea, that they do their duty towards society in general, and themselves in particular, by paying as little rent as possible. Still, though Mr. Cussen's estate had gradually come under the infliction of these two causes, it yielded an income sufficient for his moderate wants. His children had died, one by one, in the very bloom and promise of their youth, until, out of a numerous family, only one son survived.

This youth, possessing a mind more active, and aspirations more ambitious than most of his class, disdained the ordinary routine of every day life. It was not difficult to persuade his father to allow him to go into the world—the

army, from its danger, being the only profession which that doting parent positively forbade him to think of. The lad, after wavering for some time, determined to become a surgeon, and proceeded to pursue his studies in Dublin.

It would be tedious to narrate into what a circle of extravagance, while thus engaged, the youth plunged—it would be painful to trace his downward progress from folly to vice. It is sufficient to say that, by the time he received his diploma as surgeon, (having passed his examinations with unexpected, and even distinguished success), he had contrived to involve himself so deeply that his paternal property had to be burthened with additional mortgages to relieve him from heavy embarrassments. Eager to snatch him from the haunts and society by which he had diminished his fortune and injured his health, and looking on the military service as a good school of discipline, even if it were not free from peril to life and limb, his father overcame his scruples, forgave

the past, and successfully exerted his influence to obtain for him an appointment as surgeon to one of the regiments which, just then, had been ordered to Belgium, as the re-appearance of Napoleon, and his triumphant progress from Elba to Paris—his eagle "flying from steeple to steeple until it alighted on the tower of Notre Dame"—had awakened the fears of Europe, and brought once more upon the stage

"All quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war."

It was John Cussen's fortune to reach the scene of warfare in time to witness the deadly struggle at Waterloo, and the crowning triumph of our arms there. But he had better fortune than merely to behold the contest. He performed an act of heroism on the field, which not only gained him high and merited praise, but had a powerful influence upon his future prospects.

Military discipline provides that the surgeons of a regiment shall not take part in any engagement on the field. It is a wise precaution, for the lives of many depend upon the safety of even a single surgeon, and, it would be inconvenient, to say the least of it, if, when his aid were promptly required, it were found that the surgeon had allowed his ardour to carry him into the actual perils of the strife.

Cussen was sufficiently near to witness the greater part of the contest, on the day of Waterloo. It was not without difficulty that he controlled the overwhelming desire to plunge into the middle of the contest—which, on that day, had more single encounters than any battle since Poictiers and Agincourt. As he stood outside the tent which had been temporarily pitched for the use of the medical staff, in the rear of the British position, he observed an English officer, mounted on an unmanageable charger, bearing him along with an impetuous speed, which, having received a

severe wound in the bridle-arm, he could neither control nor check in full career, followed by a French cuirassier, who had nearly overtaken him. Another moment, and his uplifted hand would have struck the helpless man to the ground. Cussen rushed forward, literally tore the Frenchman from his saddle, by main strength, and, wresting the sword from his hand, gave him a death wound. Quick as thought, turning from the fallen foe and bounding forward with an agility which he had acquired on his native hills, he followed the swift horse, and succeeded, by a strong and overmastering grasp, in checking his speed. He had the gratification of discovering that the life thus doubly saved was that of his own Colonel; and he received the grateful and natural assurance that the service thus rendered should not soon be forgotten.

Having dressed the Colonel's wounds, Cussen resumed his position in the rear. But inaction was terrible to one whose spirit had been

awakened by the exciting scenes around him. Nearer and nearer became his involuntary approach to the part of the plain in which the actual contest was proceeding. At last, unable any longer to resist the passionate impulse which shook his frame, he mounted on one of the multitude of war-steeds which ran wildly galloping over the battle-field, caught the eye of the officer whom he had rescued, dashed forward to join in the *melée*, and bravely fought side by side with him, when the "Up Guards, and at them," of Wellington, urged on the chivalry of England to that last terrific charge which shook the imperial diadem from the brow of Napoleon.

A gallant deed, even if it should somewhat violate the strict rules of military discipline, is not considered a very heinous offence by any commander: so, while his Colonel hailed Cussen as preserver, the brief neglect of his duty as surgeon was forgiven, in comparison with his courage as a soldier.

The war ceased. The battalion in which Cussen had served, was reduced, and, with many others, his occupation was gone. While he was uncertain what course to pursue, he received a very pressing invitation from his late Colonel, and, accepting it, proceeded to the veteran's country-seat in Hampshire.

Cussen was what old crones—who are good judges of such things—would call "a very personable man." He had received a good education. He was member of an honourable profession. He had distinguished himself in the greatest battle of the time. Above all, he had saved the life of the gallant officer whose guest he now was. What wonder, then, if before he had been quite a month at Walton Hall, the bright eyes of Miss Walton beamed yet more brightly when he smiled upon her.

The lady was young,—not decidedly lovely, perhaps, but that most charming of all charming creations, a thoroughly English beauty.

She might not immediately dazzle, but she would be sure always to delight. It was impossible to see and not admire her. Besides, she had been well educated—carefully rather than brilliantly—and while there was a dash of romance in her character, she was so pure in heart and thought, that the very novelty of *such* purity threw a spell of enchantment upon the fevered passions of Cussen, and, for the first time in his life, his heart was subdued into a tenderness which contrasted strangely, but not unpleasantly, with the wild tumults—rather of sense than soul—which, in former days, he had been wont to dignify with the name of Love.

When he ascertained such to be the state of his own feelings, he became very anxious to learn whether Alice Walton was affected in like manner. They appeared to have been pretty much as he desired, for kissing that fair cheek, which

"Blushed at the praise of its own loveliness,"

and whispering hope to her anxious ear, he proceeded to explain to her father all that he felt—to solicit *his* sanction for the love which, but just confessed to each other, had suddenly been matured, by that confession, into a passion at once deep and ardent.

Alice Walton was an only child. What other result, then, can be anticipated than the actual one—the favourable reception of the avowal made by Cussen. Affection raises few difficulties in such cases. It is questionable whether, on that evening, a happier group could have been found any where within the limit of "merry England." The old soldier, pleased with the opportunity of keeping his gallant preserver with him, while he was also securing the happiness of his daughter :—the young man, exulting in his conquest, proud of the personal and mental endowments of his ladye-love, and firmly resolving never to give her cause to repent the trusting affection which her guileless nature had formed for him ;—the

maiden, with the day-dream of love making an atmosphere of joy around her, while her heart gently indulged in glad anticipations of a happy future. Well is it that Woman's heart can thus luxuriate in imagination, for, in too many cases, the romance of their love is far brighter than the selfishness and worldliness of Man will permit its reality to be.

Some arrangements which were to be made respecting his family property, and a natural desire personally to communicate his favourable prospects to his father, required that Cussen should proceed to Ireland for a short time.

Imagine the parting; the endearing caresses —the gentle beseechings for full and frequent letters—the soft promises as to faithful remembrances—the whispers of that mutual affection upon which a few brief months would put the seal—and the "Farewell," which, although dewed with tears, had not much of sorrow in it, for in it was blended the hope of a glad re-union.

Cussen arrived in Ireland just in time to see his father die—to learn that the early extravagance in which he himself had rioted, had reduced their estate to a nominal income. The greater part of its produce had been swallowed up by interest payable to the mortgagee, who, from time to time, had advanced money on the property. He immediately and frankly communicated with Colonel Walton on this unpromising aspect of affairs, and received the kindest promises of such full and immediate assistance as would speedily relieve the estate from its encumbrances.

Before these brighter prospects could be realized, by the fulfilment of this promise, "the tenth wave of human misery" swept over his heart. There came a sad reverse. Alice Walton and her father met with a sudden and awful doom. By an accident, the origin of which was never ascertained, their residence was consumed by fire, and father and daughter perished in the flames.

The cup of misery overflowed. Very bitter did Cussen find the draught. Hopes blighted—the golden promise of his young manhood utterly destroyed—all that made life of value gone. Amid the maddening whirl of such contending emotions, no wonder if even his strong mind reeled beneath the shock.

Months passed by, and, sunk into the torpor of despair, John Cussen was a broken man. There came a reaction, and he awoke to the sad reality of life. Better far, if he had always remained unconscious or despairing. He might have been miserable, but he would have been guiltless. Gradually, he found a Lethe for his sad thoughts, by passing "the Rubicon of the cup." At first, while this was being done in secret, the gentry, his neighbours, made many efforts to arrange his affairs, to liberate him from his more pressing pecuniary involvements, to lead him to the practice of his profession. Each proffered kindness was rejected. He sat, another Timon, by his deso-

late hearth, with his household Gods shivered around him.

This could not continue—for man cannot live without society. By degrees, Cussen returned to the haunts and the companionship of men. Had he kept within the pale of his own class, all might still have been well. But a change had passed over and darkened his mind. He fancied that Scorn sat upon the lip and glanced from the eye of every one more wealthy than himself, and thus, pride guided the arrow which poverty had barbed. He shunned the society of those to whom, in all save wealth, he had been and still might be equal, and he found a consolation in the company of those who, remembering his birth, (and in no place is *that* more esteemed than in in Ireland,) would have considered him their superior, even if, like them, he had to till the earth for a bare subsistence. Thus, by a slow but certain process, John Cussen—once the pride of the circles of fashion and wealth in his

native country—gradually sunk so low as to become the associate of the ignorant and excitable peasantry.

Death is a great leveller, but there are two others—excess and guilt. In Cussen's case, one was the consequence of the other. Mixing with the peasantry—then, as now, dissatisfied with their poverty, and eagerly anxious for any change which promised better days, and brighter fortunes — Cussen soon became so familiar with that much-suffering and easily excited class, as to be thoroughly identified with their feelings. His mind had now lost the well-adjusted balance which properly regulates the conduct. Hating oppression, believing that the peasantry were greatly wronged, and retaining something of the gallant spirit of his better days, he allowed himself to be seduced into the secret and illegal association of the Whiteboys. The homage which the members of that body paid to his birth and education, gave him more satisfaction, than, at first,

he had ventured to own even to himself. His pride was soothed by finding himself looked up to by any class. The energy of his character returned, and, assuming strong and unquestioned command over the disaffected peasantry, he became one of their most dreaded and powerful leaders. Quick in resources, powerful in physical strength, and superior in capacity, his influence over his followers became very great. Entire obedience was given to his commands ; and, (as in the present instance, when he undertook to lead the attack upon Churchtown Barracks,) his presence was deemed sufficient to ensure the success of an enterprise. In all this, however, it is scarcely doubtful, that John Cussen's actions were those of a person whose mind was not quite sane ; his sorrows had touched his brain, and *this* was the vent which prevented actual madness.

There was method in his actions, however, for when he entered upon this wild and guilty career, he took care that the movements which

he personally guided, should be remote from that part of the county in which he was best known. On all expeditions which he led, (and these were chiefly for the purpose of procuring fire-arms from the houses of country gentlemen,) he suited his attire to that of his companions, and so complete was the disguise, that none could recognise John Cussen in the dreaded Captain Rock, who scattered terror wherever he moved.

The remarkable fidelity which the Irish peasantry make it at once a matter of duty and pride to pay to their leaders against the law, was Cussen's chief protection. His secret was well kept. None of the gentry of the county had the slightest suspicion that Cussen, whom they still considered as one of themselves, was mixed up in any manner—far less as a leader —with the Whiteboy movements which caused them so much alarm.

Chapter III.

THE ATTACK ON CHURCHTOWN BARRACKS.

The Whiteboys, and their leader, reached Churchtown Barracks about midnight. All was silent when they arrived, except the measured tread of the sentinel. Darkness covered all things as with a pall. But Cussen knew every inch of the ground, and the darkness, instead of being an impediment, was rather an assistant to his purpose. He posted his men in a favourable position, and, within ten minutes after their arrival, every thing was ready, and every one instructed as to his particular line of action, and prepared for the manner of the attack.

Churchtown Barracks, in the centre of a very disturbed district, had formerly been the residence of a private gentleman. When life and property became insecure, he had fled the country, afraid of the doom of Major Going, who had been assassinated shortly before, because of his too great vigilance as a magistrate. His successor, a gentleman named Hoskins, speedily shared the same fate, but not without warning, for, weeks before the doom was inflicted, he had heard even his own labourers chaunting the ominous Whiteboy doggrel,

> "Hoskins and Going are nearly one,
> Hoskins is *going*, and Going is *gone*."

The noon-day assassination of two active magistrates, and the increase of predial insurrection in the Counties of Cork and Limerick, so imperatively called for the allocation of a large and permanent military force at some spot in or near the centre of the disturbances,

that the Government gladly occupied Churchtown House, at a high rent, as a temporary barrack. Accordingly, for some months previous to the night in question, several companies of infantry, and a troop of cavalry, had been stationed at Churchtown, whence, on the requisition of a magistrate, detachments might be sent out upon duty, in more or less force, as circumstances might appear to require.

With the strategy of a clever leader, Cussen had contrived to render the place comparatively defenceless, by having notices sent to the officer left in command, that there was to be a midnight assemblage of Whiteboys in a smithy on the other side of Charleville, and that an attack, to obtain arms, was to be made upon the residence of Colonel Odell, called "The Grove," near the village of Ballingarry; this last was of importance, as Colonel Odell was not only one of the Members for the County, but also one of the Lords of the Irish Treasury. The notice respecting the

contemplated attack upon him, came from a person in the pay of Government, as a spy, who was secretly and deeply involved in the conspiracy of the Whiteboys. On several occasions he had given information to the military. They had remarked, however, more as a matter of curiosity than suspicion, that while they rarely gained any thing but fatigue from sallies made at the instigation of this informer, outrages were sure to be committed in a quarter exactly opposite that which he had indicated. But, like most of the peasantry of Limerick county, he was so plausible in manner, guileless in appearance, stolid in countenance, and impenetrable in well-acted simplicity of speech and act, that his fidelity was not distrusted by the military or the magistracy. The police did not think well of him.

The military force at Churchtown was sufficiently large to be placed under the command of a field-officer. On this occasion, Major

White, to whom that responsible duty had been intrusted, deemed the information sufficiently important to warrant the division of his men into two parties—one to proceed to Ballingarry, to the defence of Colonel Odell's residence, while the other was to go beyond Charleville, with the hope of catching the Whiteboys in conclave, and capturing their leaders. The remnant left in the barrack consisted of a few dragoons, a score of infantry, and one subaltern officer.

Hastily as Churchtown House had been converted into a military station, care had been taken to make it assume something of a garrison-appearance. A stone-wall had been erected all round the building, enclosing sufficient space as a barrack-yard, in which the soldiers might attend drill, and go through their exercises. This wall was something more than breast-high. As there was a strong gate at either side, the place was considered quite able to resist any Whiteboy attack;

but, in truth, such an act of daring had never been anticipated. It was not to be expected that those who dreaded the lion's paw would rush into his mouth.

Having arranged his men for the attack, Cussen did not long keep them inactive. He gave the appointed signal, and a volley of slugs rattled against the barrack-windows. The alarm was as immediate as the attack. The soldiers hastily snatched up their arms: they hurried to the windows to observe whence came the assault, and were picked out by the quick sight and sure aim of the assailants; so that some of them were wounded, even in their very sleeping rooms—moving before the lightsin those rooms, the soldiers were palpable objects to the armed men outside.

In a few minutes, the soldiers were arranged in the barrack-yard, ready for defence. At that instant, while awaiting the orders of their officer, a second volley was fired upon them, and with fatal effect. The young subaltern

on duty—bewildered by the suddenness and manner of this attack—hurriedly gave the order to "fire." By the light from the first pieces, the soldiers fancied that they saw their assailants standing outside, partly concealed, behind the front wall. Each soldier aiming at what he took to be the head of an enemy, a straggling peal of musquetry followed. The soldiers shouted, and were re-loading, when, with fatal precision, a third volley of slugs and ball from the Whiteboys did tremendous execution among them. To add to their confusion, the beleaguered soldiers could not ascertain from what quarter destruction was thus poured in upon them.

Still, they bore themselves gallantly. Men who had faced death, in its worst form, on the field of battle, were not likely to quail before such foes as they presumed to be now before them. The suspense was worse than the reality, for their ignorance of the number and position of their assailants, caused doubts more

dreadful than the actual knowledge of an ascertained peril.

With as little delay as possible, the soldiers fired a second time. Their fire was immediately returned. By this time, six soldiers were killed, and four lay severely wounded on the ground. Their officer—a gallant youth, who had been at school six months before—was shocked and surprised at seeing his men thus dropping around him, taken in a trap, as it were, and shot at like so many marks. Remembering that it was madness to remain in their exposed situation, and anxious to give them a chance for their lives, he ordered his men to open the gates, and sally out, to meet their enemies face to face, and die—if die they must—in a contest of man to man, and hand to hand. Their astonishment and alarm was great, when they found themselves unable to open either gate. In fact, aware of the circumstance that the gates had been absurdly constructed to open out of, instead of into, the

barrack-yard, and anticipating that an attempt to pass through them might be made, Cussen had taken care that one of his few preliminary preparations should consist of the heaping huge masses of rock against the gates, so as to prevent their allowing egress to the besieged soldiers.

Disappointed thus, the military became desperate. When another volley struck down two more of them, the remnant of the party appeared quite bewildered, and would have retired into the barracks, somewhat upon the *sauve qui peut* principle, if their officer, as a last resource, had not desired them to scale the walls, and boldly meet rather than fearfully retreat from the imminent peril.

As with one impulse, they rushed forward, and rapidly crossed the wall. Here was a new cause for wonder. They found that they had hitherto been wasting their fire. Aware of the advantage of baffling his opponents, Cussen had placed his men behind the *side*

walls, while, as a decoy, he had made them put their hats on the *front* wall. Thus, while the Whiteboys had fired through small loop-holes, which they had easily made in the loosely-built walls, *their* fire was masked, and that of the military was thrown away upon the range of hats in front, which, by a few and fitful gleams of light momentarily flashing amid the darkness, were mistaken for men behind the parapet.

The soldiers discovered the trick, when they dashed over the barrack-wall. The Whiteboys then rushed from their concealment. A struggle commenced, the more deadly from the delay having wound up the infuriated spirit of both parties to its heighth. The contest, though destructive, did not continue for more than ten minutes. However desperate the bravery of the soldiers, nothing could resist the overpowering force, and wild courage of their opponents. There was no alternative but to cry "Quarter." At that word, Cussen

gave orders that the contest should cease. Scarcely any of his party had even been wounded, while, on the other side, the young officer was the only one unharmed. The Serjeant who had shot Sheehan, as already related, was mortally wounded, and lay in the barrack-yard, writhing in agony.

Some of the Whiteboys had already set fire to the barracks, and the flames raged fiercely by this time. Dismayed and surrounded by their opponents, the soldiers were grouped together on one side. Some twenty or thirty Whiteboys had gathered around the dying Serjeant, watching his agonies with fiend-like joy. "In with him! in with him to the fire! Burn him—burn the murderer alive!" were exclamations which burst from their lips, and made the face of the victim paler than before. Cussen stood a little aloof from all; one might have taken him for an unconcerned looker-on, as he carelessly stood with his arms folded, a close-fitting skull-cap of dark fur upon his

head, and a narrow slip of crape concealing the upper part of his face. When the Whiteboys seized the Serjeant, with the avowed purpose of casting him into the flames, the young Officer addressed Cussen, and, in the most earnest manner, entreated him to prevent so dreadful a deed. "My men have fallen," he added, "but I do not know why they were attacked. For the love of heaven, do not allow this wretched man to suffer such a death, in cold blood. Besides, he has a mortal wound. If his death is what they want, a few hours, at the utmost, will see him die. Do not let him perish thus!"

Cussen answered, "My men came here for vengeance, and I can scarcely prevent their taking it to the fullest. The man deserves even a worse doom than they would inflict. Blood for blood! When he shot an innocent, unoffending man, yesterday, he drew a large vengeance down upon him. Still, it is not necessary to push this vengeance to extremity.

A life for a life is all that we require. To a certain pitch of command my authority can reach, but I almost fear to stretch it farther. I shall try, however, to prevent this unnecessary cruelty. But—what cries are these?"

Turning round, he saw that the flames had now reached the stables in which were the horses of the dragoons. The poor animals were driven almost to madness by fear, and their dreadful cries came shrilly upon the ear, filling with awe the breasts of those wild men who, while human agony might appeal in vain, shuddered at the painful manifestation of deep suffering by the brute creation. Help was out of the question, for the flames spread too rapidly for assistance to be rendered; and the poor animals were literally burned alive, amid the loudly expressed pity of the beholders. They turned from this tragedy to the wounded Serjeant. He had breathed his last, while this scene had engaged their attention. With a savage yell of triumph, they cast his

corpse into the flames, amid a thousand execrations.

They had thus done their work. Cussen turned to the young officer, and said, "You are free. But you must pledge me your word, that if you have obtained any personal knowledge of me, you will not take any advantage of it." The officer promptly declined giving any promise of the kind. Cussen then said that it did not matter—that it was not likely he could be recognized—and that even if he were, he would trust to good fortune to befriend him, as it often had done before. Giving the signal of departure to his followers, they were soon out of sight, and the Officer remained standing by the smoking ruins of the barracks, with his force completely cut up.

Chapter IV.

THE TRIAL.

The news that Churchtown Barracks had been burned down, and the greater portion of the military killed, soon spread, like wildfire, through all parts of the kingdom. Magisterial and military enquiries were promptly made, but though facts were ascertained, persons remained undetected. Many were arrested on suspicion, but the actual perpetrators escaped. Their policy—particularly on momentous occasions such as this attack—was to come from distant points, so that, on search being made, and domiciliary visits paid by the military patrols, and the police, in the vicinity

of the place where an outrage was committed, the peasantry of that immediate locality were usually found within their own habitations, or pursuing their usual and ostensible occupations. Thus, suspicion was distracted and diverted, and the parties actually offending were rarely apprehended.

Black as was the transaction at Churchtown, it was made yet blacker when viewed through the magnifying glass of public rumour. It was precisely such an event as, in the dearth of more interesting intelligence, was to be snatched up by the wonder workers of the press as an especial object for record and remark. Especially to the London papers, it became an object of interest. Day after day, their columns were filled with "important particulars respecting the massacre at Churchtown, where the Irish rebels killed a regiment of foot and two troops of cavalry, burned the barracks to the ground, and barbarously threw the soldiers' wives and children into the flames,

in which they were all burned alive." The affray was even mentioned in Parliament, where the changes rung upon it produced quite a *variorum* edition of horrors.

The Executive offered large rewards for such information as might lead to the apprehension and conviction of the offenders; but though the information required was scattered among hundreds of the peasantry—hunger-stricken men, who sometimes wanted even salt to their potatoes—not one was found willing to enrich himself by the "blood money." Two descriptions of persons are held in utter hatred and contempt in Ireland:—the man who turns from the ancient faith of his fathers, and he who becomes informer to save his own neck, or gain "the wages of sin." Of the two, the latter is considered more harshly than the former:—one may repent, and in the fulness of time return (even on his death-bed,) to the faith he has forsaken; but once that the other becomes traitor, he does that which cannot be

undone by any contrition, can be atoned for only by death. This is a strange condition of society,—but the fact has been proved in countless instances, that the Irish peasantry will pity and shield the murderer, will find or make excuses for his crime, but will not yield pardon nor accept excuse for the informer.

Up to this time, Cussen had not been suspected of the slightest participation in the Whiteboy confederation. Whether from weariness of the low companionship in which he had recently involved himself, or from a desire to prevent and elude suspicion, he now made it a point of frequenting society of a better order. On one of these occasions, at the hospitable table of Mr. Francis Drew, of Drewscourt (a country gentleman, who had known him from childhood), the massacre and arson at Churchtown became the subject of conversation. Cussen took no part in the dialogue, but when all had retired except his host, he entered fully into the subject, and

having rather freely indulged in drink, was so much thrown off his guard as to give a minute description of every thing which had passed on the memorable night in question. With fearful energy, he narrated the details, and, at the close, when he told how the mutilated remains of the murdered Serjeant had been cast into the flames,

"Even in his glance the gladiator spoke."

The impression which his statement and his manner made upon the listener was—as he told me—that Cussen must either have been a principal in the frightful scenes which he had so vividly described, or must have had his information direct from an eye-witness and participator. As the communication had been unguardedly made, and protected under the seal of that confidence which exists between guest and host, the suspicion was not made public until after Cussen had left the country. After all, it was only an individual

suspicion, and insufficient to found an accusation upon.

The Churchtown insurgents remained undetected. Success emboldens, and in about six weeks after the affair of Churchtown, another bold push was resolved upon by Cussen. He was restless—guilt always is so—and his followers, who much coveted the possession of fire-arms, strongly urged him to obtain them by attacks upon the houses of country gentlemen who were known to have procured a supply for the purposes of self-defence. Whenever he contemplated an expedition involving peril, he prepared himself for it, by two or three days of determined sobriety, and he was equally strict in prohibiting the use of strong liquor by the Whiteboys, when they were out with him upon any enterprise of the kind.

Castletown Conyers, the seat of a country gentleman of considerable property, was not far from the boundary of Limerick county, on

the Charleville side. Mr. Conyers, an old gentleman whose loyalty and fears were on par, inhabited this place when the disturbances first broke out, at a considerable distance from that part of the country, and having incontinently taken fright, had applied to Government for protection, and had a corporal and six of the Rifle-brigade quartered in his house for his defence. Thus garrisoned, the place was understood to be quite a strong-hold ;— for, in addition to this military force, Mr. Conyers had purchased two or three cases of Birmingham fowling-pieces, a barrel of gunpowder, a large bag of flints (this was before the use of percussion-caps,) and about a hundred weight of sheet-lead, to be melted into bullets. This formidable supply of arms and ammunition had reached Castletown under strong military escort from Limerick, and report spoke of it as even more considerable than it really was. With these munitions of war, the soldiers, and the servants of the

house, Castletown was one of the most formidable places, the Whiteboys could have thought of attacking. Yet with that characteristic, but calculating boldness, which gave him immense influence with his followers, Cussen determined to invest this fortilage. The arms and ammunition were what he aimed at, for no one could dream of personal enmity against the owner of Castletown, a harmless, neutral character, whose purse was ever open to the poor: while his wife—a matron of the olden school—was beloved throughout the district, for her kindness and charity.

About a mile from Castletown, and yet more remote from other habitations—for it stood in a part of the country, half-bog, half-mountain—was the residence of Mr. Shelton, a gentleman who owned a pretty extensive property called Rossmore. He had so long been the victim of serious illness, as to be a confirmed invalid, and, consequently, had not taken any part in the proceedings of the

county as a magistrate, for many years. When other resident landlords in his neighbourhood were applying for, and obtaining the military and police, to protect their dwellings from Whiteboy attacks, Mr. Shelton declared that, (so completely was he isolated, both by habits and local situation, from the other gentry of the district,) it would be useless to guard against attacks which, he believed, would be made only on persons whose conduct might render them marks for popular indignation. A good landlord, kind and forbearing, he was confident that he did not merit the hostility of his humbler neighbours. As yet, he had been spared the perilous compliment of a Whiteboy visit. His family, then resident with him, consisted of a son, aged about eighteen, and two daughters several years older.

Cussen very well knew that his party, numerous but badly armed, would have small chance of success in an attack upon Castle-

town, a place remarkably well defended. He determined to endeavour to obtain by stratagem, the triumph he despaired of winning by force. Indeed, considering the general nature of his plans, it would appear as if Cussen usually preferred the exploits in which success was to be won rather by mental ingenuity than by mere physical effort. In the latter case, where the strongest hand prevailed, he but shared the honours, such as they were, with those who executed the work; but in the former, where the triumph mainly depended upon his own combinations and tact, he stood superior, as the contriver. This was one of the secrets of his great ascendancy—his followers being confident that, no matter how great the apparent difficulty, the sagacity of their leader would bring them out of it with success.

At about ten o'clock, on a fine, clear evening in March, 1822, the peaceful inhabitants of Rossmore House were disturbed by an un-

expected visit from the Whiteboys. The doors were speedily forced in, front and rear, by the butts of their muskets. No resistance being offered by the helpless household, the invading party, very much at their ease, proceeded to make themselves quite "at home." One division sat down in the servant's-hall, threw wood and turf upon the fire, and commanded the trembling domestics to cover the long table with provisions. Others ranged through the adjacent apartments in search of arms. More in vociferous manner, called for young Mr. Shelton. The plan of Cussen was to take young Shelton to Castletown, as a hostage, and threaten to shoot him in sight of the garrison there, unless all the arms were given up to him. But, had it come to this extremity, the military force at Castletown, would rather have permitted the murder than have surrendered their fire-arms,—for, these means of defence once parted with, it was as likely as not, that not one life, but many, would

have then been sacrificed. They could not make terms with the Whiteboys, for they could not trust them.

Very fortunately, Charles Shelton slept in an upper and distant apartment, and did not immediately hear the tumult which prevailed below. If he had, it is probable that, on hearing his name called, he might have come down, and thus unwittingly cast himself into the very heart of the peril. His elder sister, Alicia, who had strong courage and much self-possession, heard the clamour,—readily surmised the extreme danger of her brother,—arose, hastily throwing a shawl over her night-dress,—ran to her brother's room, locked the door, taking the key with her,—and then went down stairs to meet the danger which had presented itself.

Just as she entered the servant's hall, Cussen came into it from the back-yard, he having kept aloof from the confusion until then. He was just in time. The frightened servants,

complying with loud demands for drink, had placed the whiskey-jar upon the table. Cussen knew that success and even safety depended upon his men refraining from such indulgence. "On your lives," he shouted, "avoid that drink. Be men, while it is needful, and drink, if you will, when your work is done!"—He struck the jar with the fowling-piece he carried, and the strong liquor streamed down upon the floor. His men had anticipated a different disposal of it. But he had taught them to obey him, and they bore the deprivation without remonstrance, although it was what, at that time, the Irish were not much accustomed to. One or two of them only muttered their regret that "such prime stuff should be wasted."

Cussen then returned to his former position outside the house, anxious to avoid recognition. He wore his close-fitting skull-cap, with the slip of crape in front, which concealed his features, but allowed him to see all that passed. Ruder and more vulgar disguises were worn by his

followers ;—each of them had his face blackened with burnt cork, or lamp-black, and also had a white shirt outside his garments,—hence the appellation Whiteboy.

Miss Shelton had been an unobserved witness of the proceeding just described, in which Cussen had manifested the power of his leadership. She determined not to waste words or time in entreaties to the men. She felt that her only chance was in an appeal to their leader. In the confusion which prevailed, she had no difficulty in threading her way through the gang without attracting observation ; and, reaching the outside of the house, there found Cussen, leaning upon his fowling-piece, in a thoughtful mood. To throw herself on her knees before him—to entreat him, for the love of Heaven, to save her brother's life—was the impulsive action of a moment. He turned away, without even looking at her, and then—the danger giving her new energy and courage —she seized him by the coat-skirt, and earnestly

said, " You want to take my brother with you to Castletown. There they will see him torn to pieces before they surrender their fire-arms. You know it will be a bootless errand. Then, in their disappointment, your wild men will murder my poor brother. Save him—save him, if you have a human heart. I know that you will do it, and I will bless you if you do!"

She sank on the ground before him. Not quite deserted by all the graces of humanity, he turned to raise the suppliant. He said, in a kind manner, " Lady, we certainly shall make your brother come with us : but no harm shall reach him with my consent."

Her convulsive grasp still held him. He moved to extricate himself—then, for the first time, he caught a glimpse of her features. She was a handsome girl : and now, with her dark hair dishevelled, her eager glance, her graceful attitude, her earnest tones, she looked a Pythoness.

Cussen gazed long and anxiously on the

kneeling suppliant. Some old memory may have passed through his mind in that space—a wave in the vast ocean of life. Perhaps some resemblance of form, feature, or voice, brought back a glimpse of by-gone days of happiness and love. There still was something human in that troubled heart. He passed his hand across his eyes, as if he would clear them from a mist, and then, with as much gentle courtesy as if they were in a ball-room, he raised Miss Shelton from the ground.

"Lady," said he, "whatever I can do to aid you, I will do. They have not yet found your brother. If he be concealed, keep him so, and I will use some pretext to draw off my men. They must have whatever arms are in the house: but they shall be content with that."

The lady would have expressed her warm gratitude, but Cussen did not wait to be thanked. He turned away—and, while she yet lingered, with clasped hands to Heaven,—

he suddenly came back, politely raised his cap from his head for a moment, took one of her hands in his, and pressed his lips to it, with the gallant air of a cavalier. In sooth, he was a gentle ruffian, on this occasion. But he kept his word. Almost before Miss Shelton had regained her own apartment, Cussen had given his men the word to retire. He led them into the belief that the military and the police were approaching, and this made them hastily retreat and disperse, for there were not sufficient men nor arms for a contest, at that time. Before Miss Shelton had finished her earnest thanksgivings for the safety of her brother, Captain Rock and his Whiteboys had departed. She then ventured into her father's room, in which he lay, unable from his bodily ailments to move a limb. Providentially, he had not heard the tumult which had prevailed in the other part of the house.

Much alarm was excited throughout the county by this attack upon Rossmore. The

neighbouring gentry naturally argued from it, that if a gentleman whose advanced years and ill-health had kept him aloof from the actual exercise of his magisterial functions, were thus singled out, there was little chance of escape for those who had distinguished themselves by determined and open resistance to the Whiteboys. Accordingly, zeal being now spurred on by fears for personal safety, neither trouble nor expense was spared to discover the persons implicated in this affair. A conviction arose that the leader of the Whiteboys must be a person of higher station than those whom he commanded, and the great anxiety was to apprehend him.

Many were suspected. Several were taken into custody. One of them,—faint-hearted as a weak woman, and far less faithful,—let fall some words which first excited suspicion against Cussen. The magistrates hesitated to believe that he could be concerned in the outrages which spread alarm throughout the county, but

directed particular enquiries to be made respecting him. The result warranted his apprehension. The police and the military, charged with the execution of the warrant, had strict injunctions to avoid unnecessary violence. It was anticipated, from his determined character and great personal strength, that he would resist any attempt to make him a prisoner. However, he surrendered himself without struggle or hesitation. He was found sitting with the gentleman at Drewscourt, to whom he had spoken so freely about the attack on Churchtown barracks, and, when he heard the measured tread of the soldiers, as they came up the avenue, he exclaimed, "They have come for me."

His deportment, in custody, equally devoid of effrontery and fear, was apparently that of an innocent man, and impressed almost every one with the idea that he was unjustly suspected. The magistrates now knew better. They had made searching enquiries into his

manner of life; they had ascertained his frequent absences from home during the night; they had obtained proof of his having been seen, in the night, in remote parts of the county, where outrages had been committed; and they had found among his papers some documents which could scarcely have fallen into the possession of any but a leader of the disaffected.

The difficulty was how to identify John Cussen, as Captain Rock. The most liberal offers were made, on the part of Government, to induce some of the other prisoners to betray him, but without avail. It was believed that Miss Shelton could recognize his figure, his features, and the tone of his voice, and she was pressingly urged to do so, in order to promote the ends of justice: but, grateful for the service he had rendered her brother, as well as his personal courtesy towards herself, she firmly declined doing so. However, it was resolved that, by means of a stratagem, she should identify him.

Accordingly, two or three officers of the Rifle Brigade made a morning-call at Rossmore, and, as if by accident, asked Miss Shelton and her sister, whether they would not like to see the barracks at Ballingarry, which they had long promised to visit. A party was made up, on the instant. The horses were ordered out, and, in a short time the party had reached the barracks, in which Cussen was detained, until his committal to Limerick gaol. No intimation was given to the ladies that such a prisoner was there. They accompanied the officers, and the Major's wife, who acted as their chaperon, into the room in which Cussen was detained. As they were passing through it, Cussen was heard to speak rather loudly in reply to a question purposely put to him, then, by one of his guards. The well-remembered and peculiar voice drew Miss Shelton's attention to him. With a sudden impulse, she seized hold of her sister's arm, and exclaimed :—"It is that very man!"

Cussen started at the words, ceased speaking, looked "more in sorrow than in anger" at the lady, rose from his seat, raised his hat, and courteously saluted the party. Miss Shelton did not again speak, but her exclamation, slight as it was, sealed his fate—and he knew it.

The assurance that the veritable Captain Rock was in custody speedily reached and gratified the Government. It was determined that his trial should immediately take place. Miss Shelton still declined to identify the prisoner, considering herself bound in honour not to injure one who had conferred a great favour upon her. On the night of the attack, Cussen had also been seen and heard by her younger sister, who had witnessed, from her window, what had taken place. Considering herself bound by no ties of gratitude, and remembering her own alarm rather than her brother's secured safety, she said that she had no scruple in promising to perform what she felt to be an act of justice to society. Induced by

promise of an enormous reward, two of Cussen's followers subsequently became King's evidence.

Not much time was suffered to elapse between the apprehension and the trial of Cussen. It would have been too long to wait for the Assizes—several months distant—and a Special Commission was sent down for the trial of all parties charged under the Insurrection Act. A messenger from the Castle of Dublin, escorted by a troop of dragoons, arrived at Rossmore with a *subpœna* to enforce the attendance of Miss Shelton, as a witness, and she was compelled to obey the mandate and appear in court.

The trial is not likely to be forgotten by those who were present. The Court-house of Limerick was crowded to the very roof. Not one female spectator was among the audience, for Irish propriety, by a conventional arrangement rather understood than expressed, very properly prohibits the appearance of any of

the fair sex in a Court of Justice, except when called there as a witness or a party.

The arraignment having taken place, Cussen pleaded "not guilty." After a long and exceedingly tiresome speech from Mr. Serjeant Goold—then the greatest proser at the Irish bar—the evidence was gone into. The case had been skilfully got up, though it may be doubted whether the proofs would have sufficed for a conviction in the present day, although no moral doubt could exist as to the prisoner's participation, if not leadership, in many White-boy offences. The two informers on whose evidence much reliance had been placed, told their story in a voluble manner, but, when called upon to look at the prisoner, affected to have never seen him before.

There appeared a chance of his escape, until Miss Shelton was sworn. She did not decisively identify him (it may be recollected how he had been disguised,) but was compelled to admit that the Captain Rock, whom she had seen at

Rossmore, and who, at her entreaty, withdrew his men and thus saved her brother, was none other than the prisoner.

Cussen's equanimity was undisturbed throughout the early part of the trial. When the Crown Counsel, in stating the case, alluded to the attack on Churchtown, the prisoner appealed to the Court with an enquiry whether evidence was to be offered on that matter, as he had received no notice to that effect, nor could find any charge of the kind in the indictment? The Judge replied that the Counsel certainly should confine himself to the charge actually stated in the indictment, and said that the prisoner had exercised his undoubted right in checking the introduction of irrelevant matter. The Crown Counsel bowed to the opinion of the Bench. The prisoner appeared disposed to speak again, and the Judge enquired if he had any more to say? "Only this, my Lord," said he, "that if it be my *right* to check the introduction of irrelevant

matter, it surely was your *duty* to do so, and especially as mine is a case of life and death." —It was a well-merited reproof, given with a certain degree of dignity, and (for the Judge was a man of enlarged mind,) did no injury to the prisoner.

When Miss Shelton appeared in the witness-box, Cussen appeared startled, for he had been given to understand that she had positively refused to appear against him—indeed, there was a report that she had gone to England to avoid it. She detailed, in the plain and forcible language of truth, under what circumstances she had seen him at Rossmore —what supplications she had made—how promptly he had granted the favour she solicited—how kind his speech and demeanor to herself had been. She was then desired to turn round and say if she saw the person who had acted as she described. Not without hesitation did she obey—but she did identify the prisoner, and said, "that is the man who

saved my brother's life, at my entreaty, and stood between myself and outrage." Cussen respectfully acknowledged her evident feeling in his favour, by making her a low bow as she went down.

He did not call any witnesses, and very slightly cross-examined those who appeared against him. Neither did he avail himself of the assistance of Counsel. His bearing in the dock was equally free from bravado and fear. But for the place in which he stood, fenced in with iron spikes, and surrounded by the police, one might have thought him a spectator merely interested in the circumstances evolved by the chain of evidence, rather than one whose life depended on the issue.

His defence was of the briefest :—a simple negative of the charge—a denial that, even if it were true, the evidence made out such a breach of the law as involved conviction and punishment—a regret that the principal witness should have unconsciously mistaken his

person—a strong disclaimer of any intention of imputing any wilful error to her for whose kind manner of stating circumstances in which she, mistakingly, believed him to have participated, he felt very grateful—and, in conclusion, a declaration that, already prejudged by public opinion, he had little doubt that, from the undue weight given to insufficient evidence, his prospect of acquittal was small.

The Judge summed up the evidence and charged the jury minutely and clearly. After a long deliberation, the verdict of "Guilty," was returned. The prisoner's cheek did not blanch, his lip quiver, nor his limbs tremble. He was then called upon to declare if he had any thing to say why the sentence of the law should not be passed. He simply declared, with much brevity, and in the same collected manner, which had characterized him during the whole of the prolonged trial, that any thing he could say must fail in mitigating the sharp sentence provided by the law—that he

had had as fair a trial as, from the excited feelings and fears of the jury, he could have expected—that it was evident, from the time they had spent in deliberation, that some of the jury had doubts in his favour—and that, even if he were the Captain Rock, which he was declared to be, his death, or the death of hundreds such, would not put an end to disaffection arising from laws oppressive in themselves, and rendered more so by harsh and partial administration.

The sentence of death was then pronounced, with the usual awful formalities:—but Cussen's last hour was not at hand. A memorial to Government, from Miss Shelton, strongly setting forth the humanity which the convict had manifested towards herself, was immediately forwarded. In due course, it was submitted to the Judge, who had presided at the trial. It was generally believed that his report was favourable, viewing the case as it came out on the trial, without reference to the

presumption that the prisoner had been concerned in other breaches of the law. At any rate, in compliance with the prayer for mitigation of punishment, the sentence of death was commuted to transportation for life.

As Cussen had heard his death-doom without shrinking, so did he receive the milder award without apparent exultation. He requested that the authorities should convey his thanks to those who had interested themselves in his favour. It was said that an intimation was made to him, on the part of Government, that he should receive a free pardon, if he gave them a clue to the Whiteboy conspiracy, which it was their object to put down;—it was reported, also, that his reply was to the effect that he regretted they thought him capable of betraying any who had placed confidence in him,—that no consideration would tempt him to remain in Ireland, under any circumstances,—and that he trusted there was a Future for

him, even in his exile, which would atone for the Past.

He was immediately sent to the convict-ship at Cove, on board of which he who tells this story, had the curiosity to visit him. Of course, no conversation arose as to the question of his guilt or innocence. When Cussen heard that his visitor was acquainted with Miss Shelton, he manifested some interest, enquired after her health, begged that she would accept his thanks, for the favourable manner in which she had given her evidence, and said that she had strongly reminded him of a lady whom he had known some years previously, and whose death had led to the circumstances which placed him in his present position.

Within ten days after his conviction, John Cussen was *en route* for Botany Bay. During the voyage, a dangerous epidemic broke out among the convicts and the crew, and the surgeon of the ship was one of the first victims. Cussen, representing to the captain that he had

been an army-surgeon, was released from his irons, entrusted with the care of the sick, and succeeded in mitigating their sufferings by the remedies he applied. The disease was checked, so that the mortality was much less than was expected, and this favourable result was mainly attributable to Cussen's skill. On arriving in New South Wales, this was so favourably represented to the authorities, that a ticket of leave was immediately given to him. Proceeding up the country, he took a small sheep-walk, and was getting on prosperously, when a party of bush-rangers attacked and devastated his little place. He immediately devoted himself to a contest with this predatory band—long the terror of the colony—and did not rest until he had so completely routed them, that the leaders were apprehended and executed, while the rest, one by one, came in and delivered themselves up to justice.

The result was that, for this public service, Cussen received an unconditional pardon, within

two years after his arrival in the colony. He settled in Sydney, where he practised as a surgeon for some time, distinguished by his sobriety and skill. At length, when he had realized about a thousand pounds, he quitted New South Wales, and proceeded to the United States. After traversing a great part of the country, he settled down as a cotton planter in Georgia—a slave-owner, of course!—and has been heard of more than once, under a slightly-changed name, as a thriving and influential citizen. His first act, after he was settled in America, was to send to Ireland for the son of John Sheehan, (the man who had been shot on suspicion of Whiteboyism,) now doubly orphaned by the death of his mother. He adopted him, in fulfilment of his promise at the Wake.

The fact that Cussen led the attack upon Churchtown Barracks, did not transpire for some years after it occurred, when, in a death-bed confession, one of the party avowed it.

However, to this day, very many people in the County of Limerick, who were well acquainted with Cussen, will not believe that he ever could have participated in such a cold-blooded massacre. They appeal, in proof of the gentleness of his nature, to the kind feelings which he exhibited during the attack on Rossmore.

It is clear, at all events, that, by the conviction of Cussen, the Whiteboys lost a leader. The confederation was speedily broken up, for want of its CAPTAIN ROCK. Nor, since that time, have the disaffected in Ireland been able to obtain the assistance of any one so competent for command as was JOHN CUSSEN. His successors, from time to time, have been bold, ignorant men, at the highest not more than one degree above the peasantry whom they contrived to band together as United Irishmen, Ribbonmen, or Whiteboys. The peasantry have been taught, too, that the redress of grievances is not likely to be brought about by illegal confederations—that Agitation *within*

the law, may virtually place them *above* the law,—and that he who commits a crime gives an advantage to the antagonist. We have seen the last of the Whiteboys, and I have told the story of the undoubted CAPTAIN ROCK.

"And this," said the Novelist, "was the veritable Captain Rock—the Will-o'-the-wisp of Irish predatory life—the dreaded but seldom seen hero of Irish insurrection. If this be the romance of real life, who will not say that fact is often more startling than fiction!"

"That it is romance, I do not deny," said the Irishman, "but I will equally deny that it is untrue. It happens that, of all men living, I am the one best qualified to speak on that head. The Major could not know, when he read that story, that one of his auditors was cousin to the very lady whom he has

called his heroine. I remember, as if it were but yesterday, every fact which he has related, and, what is more, I, also, was in the Court-house of Limerick, and witnessed the whole trial of his Captain Rock. I was a stripling at the time, for this affair occurred more than ten years ago, but every circumstance is fresh in my mind."

The Major expressed his satisfaction at having met with so unexpected a witness of the fidelity of his narrative. We were inquisitive for further information, and the Irishman (who rather loved to hear himself speaking) told us that, if we wished, he would relate a personal adventure, which might be taken as the *finale* of Cussen's leadership among the Whiteboys. It was a trifle, he added, but it illustrated the respect in which his name was held, even after he had quitted the country. At our request, Mr. Moran then spoke to the following effect;—

IV.

A WHITEBOY ADVENTURE.

About twelve months after the conviction and transportation of Captain Rock, which eventually led to the breaking up of the Whiteboy organization—though, here and there, a few branch Ribbon lodges remained—I was on a visit to my uncle, the self-same owner of Rossmore, mentioned in the story we have just heard, and father of its heroine. Rossmore House is situated within a mile and a half of Castletown Conyers, also mentioned in the Major's story, and, by taking a

short cut across the fields, this distance might be reduced to a mile. Having spent the day at Castletown, I was returning to Rossmore by the short cut, late in the evening—too late, indeed, as I had been warned, from the chance of meeting some of the prowlers who haunted the bye-roads towards the small town. I had no fear, however, and though it was after twelve o'clock, there was a beautiful full moon, which, as the old song says, "did shine as bright as day." I had got on a narrow bye-road which ran between two bogs, and was speeding home with as little delay as possible. All at once, I heard the dull heavy tramp of feet, in a measured tread, and thought that it probably was the police-patrol taking its rounds. As some of the police were quartered at my uncle's, I entertained no apprehension on account of being found out of doors at an untimely hour, as my person was known to these peace-preservers. I walked on, therefore, at my ease, loitering a little to

allow myself to be overtaken, in order that I might have an escort home.

The party came up, and when I turned round to recognize and speak to them, I was considerably alarmed to find that I was in the midst of a large assemblage of rough-and-ready countrymen, wrapped up in large blue *coateens*, and every man of them with a huge bludgeon in his hand. Knowing that the best plan was to put as bold a front on it as I could, I accosted them with the usual "Good evening, boys." They did not condescend to return the greeting, but gathered together in groups, conversing in Irish, which I did not understand—the acquisition of that ancient and sonorous language having been neglected in my education. From their vehement action, their constant references to myself by gesture, and the repetition of my name, I perceived that they knew who I was, and were speaking about me. Under such circumstances, I thought, with Falstaff, that the better part

of valour was discretion, and I prepared to effect my escape from such unpleasant companionship, by slipping off as quietly as I could.

The intention, however admirable, was not to be borne out in execution. Before I had taken fifty steps, I felt two or three large, rough, hairy, sinewy hands on the collar of my coat, and the cold muzzle of a pistol under my left ear, with a threat, strengthened by a tremendous oath, that if I dared to move one inch farther, the contents of the pistol should be lodged in my brain. You may be certain that I did not move, having a strong idea that the threat would very probably be carried out.

After some delay, a man, who appeared to be a kind of leader, asked me my name and whether I was not a nephew of "the old fellow at Rossmore." I said that I was. "Then," said he, "you are the cousin of that fine young lady whose swearing was the means

of our Captain being sent across the sea?" I answered that he was quite correct, and that I certainly was the lady's cousin. "Then," said he, "as we cannot lay hands on *her*, for she cut away to England when the trial was over, for fear of our just vengeance, I think that we must have *your* blood instead." As I had a very strong objection to suffering, vicariously, for another, even though a woman and a cousin, I remonstrated against the design, alleging, truly enough, that it was hard I should answer for any one's sins but my own; that the lady, as was well known, had given evidence against Captain Rock, under compulsion; and that, after he was sentenced to death, she never rested until she had obtained a remission of the sentence of death passed upon him.

What I said evidently made an impression on my audience—on such, at least, as knew English. To the rest it was duly interpreted; after which, still leaving me in charge of the

giant with the great pistol, the party retired a little way to hold consultation respecting me. This I knew, because the rough gentleman, who held the pistol to my ear, grew a little communicative, telling me that they had all been to the fair of Bruree, where they had indulged pretty freely in strong liquors, and that he thought it likely, as they had made up their mind to take my life, that they were then only deliberating in what manner to carry out their intention. "It is an easy death enough," said this Job's comforter, "to be strangled by a handkerchief, squeezed round the throat to a proper tightness; it is as good a way as any other to put a man into a deep bog-hole like that on the side of the road there; 'but," he added, "for doing the thing genteelly, and making sure of quick work and little pain, I certainly would prefer a pistol like this, with a decent charge of cannister powder, and a brace of bullets at the top to make all right."

The conference by the way-side lasted so long, that I grew heart-sick with anxiety. I could see, by their unrestrained movements, that some of the party were disposed to wreak upon my person their revenge against my cousin, and that some were recommending a milder process. Presently, the decision appeared to be made—whatever it might be. The same man who had already spoken to me, came up again, and with him the rest of that precious conclave. "My lad," said he, laying his hand upon my shoulder, "Do you know what we have made up our minds to do?" I answered, that I did not know. "Some of us," said he, "think that, as you have met us to night, and may know some of us again, the best thing we could do would be to put you out of the way at once. And some of us think that, if we took your word, as a man, not to mention that you have seen us, we might do worse than let you go home, though that home is the nest which *she* came out of."

I fancied, from his manner, that I had not much cause to apprehend the more deadly alternative; and, therefore, I answered, as boldly as I could, that I was quite willing to give my word not to mention that I had seen any of them, nor, at any time or place, attempt to recognize them. "While you are deciding," I added, "recollect that this suspense between life and death is not the most pleasant thing in the world. And, for God's sake," said I, "rather put this hairy gentleman's brace of bullets through my head at once, than leave me shivering another half an hour in the cold." There was a laugh at what I said; those who did not speak English eagerly required it to be translated for them, and then the laugh grew louder, for *all* enjoyed it. "Faith," said the leader, "You're a bold lad to jest in that way, with the muzzle of a pistol against your ear. Make your mind easy; we would not hurt a hair of your head now. Go your way, and keep your promise.

No matter when you meet any of us, don't let on that you have ever seen us before. And if you should ever fall in with bad company, in a bye-way, on a night like this, just whisper '*Barry More*' into the ear of any of the party, and you may pass through them as safely as if you were walking in a drawing-room." This said, I had to shake hands, one by one, with each of the party; and they further insisted, with a pertinacity which would not brook denial, that half-a-dozen of them should escort me within a stone's throw of my uncle's house."

A few weeks after this rencontre, I saw a man at work in one of my uncle's fields, who seemed not quite a stranger to me. I took care that the recognition, if any, should come from him. Accordingly, though I asked him some questions as to the prospects of the crops, I did not seem as if I had ever seen him before. However, he had less discretion, for he said, "That was a narrow escape you

had, down by the bog, that night, sir." I asked what he meant? "Oh!" said he, "I do not mind talking to you about it now, for we have your word not to tell on us, and I know very well—for we have friends in every house, who tell us what passes—that not even to your uncle did you say a word about what happened that night. We tried to frighten you a bit, sir, but you stood up better than we expected. I had made up my mind, from the first, that not a hair of your head should be touched; but it was not quite so easy to get the rest of the boys to my way of thinking. They had not the cause that I had for wishing you well."

I told him, what was the plain truth, that I had no recollection of any particular cause why *he*, more than any of the rest, should have protected me. "Ah, sir," said he, "people who do a kindness forget it, if the true vein be in them, sooner than those they do the kindness to. You may remember, Sir, that

about ten years ago, when you were a lad of about seven years old, the Master here was very angry with me for having neglected my work, by which the mistresses' garden was quite spoilt, and turned me off, when I had not the chance of getting work any where else, and owed a quarter's rent for the little cabin and potato garden, and was entirely broke, hand and foot,—aye, and almost heart, too. At that time, Sir, you were to the fore, with the kind word, which you ever had, to turn away the Master's anger, and you got the Mistress to interfere ; and when the Master took me on to work again, it was yourself, Sir, that ran down to my little cabin and told me the good news, and sat down at the table, with the children, without any pride, and eat the roasted potato and the salt, and drank the butter-milk out of the same piggin with them. From that hour, Sir, if laying down the lives of me and mine would prevent injury to one hair of your head, we would have done it. And

that's the reason why your life was safe the other night, and they all granted it when I told them the ins and outs of the story." I saw little more of my champion, for I left that part of the country soon after, and have not been there since.

When our Irish friend had thus told his own adventures in the Whiteboy line, the Novelist undertook to relate some legends which he had picked up in the classic neighbourhood of Blarney. Thanks to my own stenographic practice, which has preserved the previous narrations, the legends in question will not all perish. Accordingly, here followeth a full and faithful transcript, which he who runs may read.

V.

LEGENDS OF BLARNEY CASTLE.

How many have heard of Blarney, and how few know how and why this appropriate term has originated. How could they, indeed, unless they had made a pilgrimage to the Castle, as I did, in order to manœuvre Tim Cronin into a narration of its legends.—They may go to Blarney, whenever they please, but the *genius loci* has vanished. Tim Cronin has been gathered to his fathers. By no lingering or vulgar disease did he perish ; he died——of a sudden.

Scarcely any part of Ireland has attained more celebrity than the far-famed village of Blarney, in the county and near the city of Cork. At Blarney may be seen the mysterious talisman, which has the extraordinary power of conferring remarkable gifts of persuasion on the lips which, with due reverence and proper faith in its virtues, invoke the hidden genii of The Stone, to yield them its inspiration. The ceremony is brief :—only a kiss on the flinty rock, and the kisser is instantly endowed with the happy faculty of flattering the fair sex *ad libitum*, without their once suspecting that it can be flattery. On the masculine gender it is not less effective. Altogether, it enables the kisser, like History,

"To lie like truth, and still most truly lie."

Immortal poesie has already celebrated the locality of Blarney. The far-famed *chanson*, written by Richard Alfred Milliken, and called "The Groves of Blarney," has been heard or

read by every one :—in these later days the polyglot edition, by him who has assumed the name of Father Prout, is well known to the public.

Blarney Castle is surrounded by the Groves mentioned in the song. It stands four miles to the northwest of "the beautiful city called Cork," and, of course, in the fox hunting district of Muskerry. All that can now be seen are the remains of an antique castellated pile, to the east of which was rather incongruously attached, a century ago, a large mansion of modern architecture.

The Castle stands on the north side of a precipitous ridge of limestone rock, rising from a deep valley, and its base is washed by a small and beautifully clear river called the Aw-martin. A large, square, and massive tower—a sort of Keep,—is all that remains of the original fortress. The top of this building is surrounded with a parapet, breast-high, and on the very summit is the famous Stone which

is said to possess the power, already mentioned, of conferring on every gentleman who *kisses* it the peculiar property of telling any thing, in the way of praise, with unblushing cheek and "forehead unabashed." As the fair sex derive this gift from nature, the oscular homage to the Stone conveys no power to *them*. From the virtues which it communicates to the masculine pilgrims, we have the well-known term *blarney* and *blarney-stone*.

The real Stone is in such a dangerous position, from its elevation, that it is rarely kissed, except by very adventurous pilgrims of the Tom Sheridan class, who will *do* the thing, and not be content with saying they have done it! The stone which officiates as its deputy, is one which was loosened by a shot from the cannon of Oliver Cromwell's troops, who were encamped on the hill behind the Castle. This stone is secured in its place by iron staunchions, and it is this that the visitors kiss, as aforesaid, and by mistake.

Between Blarney Castle and the hill whereon Cromwell's troops *bivouaced*, is a sweet vale called the The Rock Close. This is a charming spot, whereon (or legends lie) the little elves of fairy land loved to assemble in midnight revelry. At one end of this vale is a lake of unfathomable depth, and Superstition delights to relate stories of its wonders.

In the Summer of 1825, Sir Walter Scott visited Blarney, accompanied by Miss Anne Scott, Miss Edgeworth, and Mr. Lockhart. A few days after he was there, it was my fortune to tread in his steps to the same classic shrine.

The bare-footed and talkative guide who *would* accompany me over the Castle, thus described "the Ariosto of the North," and his companions:— "A tall, bulky man, who halted a great deal, came here, with his daughter and a very small lady, and a dash of a gentleman, with a bright keen eye that looked here, and there, and every where in

a minute. They thrust themselves, ransacking, into every nook and cranny that a rat would not go through, scarcely. When the lame gentleman came to the top of the Castle, wasn't he delighted, and didn't he take all the country down upon paper with a pencil, while one of us sang 'The Groves of Blarney.' He made us sing it again, and gave me a crown-piece, and said that he'd converse a poem on the Castle, himself, may-be!"

While I am thus gossiping, I am neglecting Tim Cronin, "the best story-teller" (to use his own words) "within the whole length, and breadth, and cubic mensuration of the Island."

After my visit to Blarney Castle, I met this worthy. I had struck from the common path into that which led through the Rock Close. This valley is divided into several fields, all of which are extremely fertile, except that immediately washed by the waters of the lake. It was now in the month of June, and, although the mowers had begun to cut down the

rich grass of the other fields, there was scarcely a blade upon this. It was as smooth, green, and close-shaven as the trim turf before a cottage *ornée*. While I was remarking this, I was startled by a sudden touch upon the shoulder, and, turning round, I found myself *vis-à-vis* with a Herculean-built fellow, who doffed his hat, with a sort of rude courtesy, made an attempt at a bow, and, before I could say a word, struck into conversation.

"Wondering at this meadow being so bare, I warrant you, Sir?"

I confessed that it had surprised me.

"Didn't know the why nor the wherefore of it, may be? It's Tim Cronin—and that's myself—that can tell you all about it, before you have time to get fat."

I ventured to exhibit my ignorance, by asking who Tim Cronin might be?

"Faith, Sir, you may know a great deal of Latin and Greek—and 'tis easy to see that the University mark is upon you—but you

know little of *real* literature in old Ireland, if you don't know *me*. Not know Cronin, the renowned philomath, that bothered the Provost of old Trinity in Algebra—from the Saxon *al*, noble, and the Arabic *Geber*, the philosopher. Never once heard, perhaps, of the great Cronin that does all the problems and answers, for the Lady's Diary, in mathematics—from the Greek *mathema*, instruction. Nothing like getting at the roots of words—the *unde derivatur?*"

Even at the hazard of appearing as an ignoramus in the eyes of Mr. Cronin, I was fain to admit that I had not previously heard of his name and erudition. I ventured to intimate, as a sort of half-apology, that I was a stranger in that part of the country.

"Strange enough, I'll be bound," said he, with a shrug of the shoulders. "Know, then, that I am that same Tim Cronin,— 'our ingenious correspondent,' as the Mathematical Journal calls me, when it refuses one of my

articles, 'from want of space,'—bad luck to 'em, as if they could not push out something else to make room for me. Curious, Sir, not to have heard of me, that keeps one of the finest academies, under a hedge, in the Province of Munster? Just sit down on the bank here, and I'll soon enlighten you so, about that good-looking lake before your two eyes, that I'll be bound you won't forget me in a hurry."

Complying with the request of this august personage, I had the satisfaction of listenin to his legend, thus.

"Once upon a time, and there was no lake here, at all. In the middle of the place where that lake is, there stood a large castle, and in it dwelt an unbaptised giant—it was before blessed Saint Patrick came into the country—

and this giant had martial rule over all the country, far and near.

"In his time, the Aw-martin, nor any other river, did not flow near us. Indeed, though there was plenty of wine in the Castle, there was a great want of water. This was very inconvenient for the ladies—the fellow had as many wives as a Turk—because they were always wanting to wash their clothes, and their pretty faces, and their white hands, and their well shaped bodies; and, more than that, they could not make themselves a raking cup of tea by any means, for the want of good soft water. So, one and all, they sent a petition to the giant, praying that he would have the kindness to procure them a well of water. When he read it, he made no ado but whipped off through the air—just like a bird of Paradise—to his old aunt, who was a fairy, and had foretold that, some day or other, water would be the death of him. Perhaps that was the reason that he always took his liquor neat.

"Well, he told her what he had come about, and after a world of entreaty—for she had a foreboding that something unfortunate would come of it—the old fairy put a little bottle into his hands. 'Take this,' said she, 'and drill a hole in the rock at the foot of the Castle barbican, where the sun throws his latest ray before he sinks into the west. Make a stone-cover for the top of it—one that will fit it exactly. Then pour the water from this bottle into that hole in the rock, and there will be a well of pure water, for the use of yourself and your family. But, when no one is actually taking water out of this well, be sure that the close-fitting stone-cover is always left upon it, for it is the nature of the liquid to overflow, unless it be kept confined.'

"He gave her a thousand thanks, and home he went. The first thing he did was to drill a hole in the rock (and he did not find *that* a very easy job), then to fit it with an air-

tight stone-cover, and, lastly, to pour in the water out of the little bottle.

"Sure enough, there immediately bubbled up an abundance of bright, clear and sparkling water. The giant then assembled all his family, and told them how the stone-cover must always be kept over the well when they were not using it. And then his wives agreed, as they had been so anxious to get this water, that one of them, turn about, should sit by the well, day and night, and see that no one left it uncovered. They were content to submit to this trouble, rather than run the risk of losing the water.

"Things went on very well for some time. At last, as *must* be the case when a woman is to the fore, there came a tremendous blow-up. One of the giant's ladies was a foreigner, and had been married, in her own country, before she fell into his hands. Mild and pale she always was, pretty creature! lamenting the land she had left and the lover she had lost.

It happened, one day as she sat by the well, that an old pilgrim came to the gate, asked for a draught of water, in God's name, and held out his pitcher for it. Her thoughts were far away, never fear, but she had a tender heart, and she raised the cover from the well, to fill his vessel. While she was doing this, the pilgrim pulled off his gown and his false beard, and who should he be but her own husband! She sprang off her seat towards him, and then, faint with joy and pale as death, she sank back into the oaken chair on which she had been sitting as the guardian of the well. A bird never flew through the air faster than *he* towards *her*. He seated himself beside her in the chair, held her lovingly in his arms, kissed her cheeks and lips twenty times over, called her all manner of fond names, and sprinkled her with water until the fresh colour came again into her face, and the warm life into her heart.

"All this time, the well was left uncovered,

and the waters rose—rose—rose, until they surrounded the Castle. Higher and higher did they rise until, at last, down fell the gates, and then the stream rushed in, drowning every living soul within the place, and settling down into the very lake that we sit by now.

"The moral of the story is that the lady and the pilgrim escaped—for the oaken chair supported them and floated them until they safely put their feet on dry land. All the rest perished, because they had willingly consented to live in sin with the giant; but this one lady had been kept there entirely against her will. The two thanked God for their escape, and returned to their own country, where they lived long and happily. It had been the giant's pride to put all his best jewels on whoever kept watch over the well, in order that all who passed by might notice them and pay respect to his wealth. As this lady had them all upon her when the Castle was swallowed up, she and her husband had money

enough, out of the sale of them, to keep them in a very genteel way of life at home. Some people say that, at times, the walls of the drowned Castle can be seen through the waters of the lake,—but I won't swear to the fact, as I never noticed it myself."

Such was Tim Cronin's account of the formation of the lake—a version more pleasant than probable. I ventured to inquire how the meadow next the waters came to be so bare, while all the others bore such luxuriant grass and grain? Mr. Cronin asked me, whether I saw a gray rock on the left, with three pines on its summit. I noticed them, as required. "Then," said he, "look well at the place all around, and I shall tell you another story or two about Blarney."

Thus admonished, I took a closer survey of

the place. The rock rose with a gentle swell in the distance, but its front was so precipitous as to be nearly perpendicular; and it was thickly covered with ivy, tangled like network, with which were mingled wild honeysuckle, dog-rose, and other parasites. There was a sort of rugged entrance at its base, over which the wild brier and honey-suckle had formed a natural arch. Except this, the rock had a common-place aspect.

"We call that rock by a strange name—from a strange circumstance," said Cronin. "Upon the top, some hundreds of years ago, there stood a castle, belonging to the old Kings of Muskerry. Some cousin of theirs lived in it with his family, and was as happy as the day is long. How it happened, never could be ascertained; but happen it certainly did, that, one night, castle and people and all

suddenly disappeared. I misdoubt that there were bad spirits at work. However, the general belief is, that the rock opened and swallowed all up, and that the lord and lady are kept there, spell-bound, as it were, in the shape of cats. From this, the rock is called Corrig-na-cat, or the Cat-Rock. 'Tis a mighty pretty derivation.

"Whether the castle were swallowed up in that manner, or not, strange sights have been seen, by the light of the full moon, about that place. There is a little green spot on the brow of the hill, where there is a fairy-circle; on that spot sweet music has been heard by night, and the good people (as well as the fairies), have been seen dancing on the green turf, dressed in green and gold, with beautiful crowns upon their heads, and white wands in their little hands. Ah, sir, you may smile, but that's the belief in this part of the country, and he'd be looked upon as no better than a heathen who'd venture to say a word against it.

"My grandfather, although a trifle given to drink, was as honest a man as ever broke bread. One summer-night, while he lay in bed, between asleep and awake, he heard a strange deep voice speak to him. It said, 'The words of fate! heed them. Go, at midnight, to Corrig-na-cat; take with you a box of candles and a hundred fathoms of line; fasten one end of the line to the tree that grows just outside the mouth of the cave, and, tying the other end round your wrist, boldly advance with a pair of lighted candles in your hands: the use of the line is, that you may roll it up as you come back, and not lose your way. Keep to the right-hand side, and go on until you come to a large room with two cats in it. In the room beyond that there is as much gold as would buy a kingdom. You may take with you a bag to carry away as much of it as you please; but, on your peril, do not touch any thing else; your life will not be worth a brass sixpence, if you do.'

"You may be sure, sir, that this piece of information astonished my grandfather. But he was a sensible man, and, doubting whether two heads would be better than one in such a serious matter, nudged my grandmother with his elbow, to know if she was awake. She slept—sound as a top; so he let her sleep on. He was rather too knowing to let *her* into the secret. He thought over all that he had ever heard of Corrig-na-cat; he called to mind how his mother had always said that our family were the real descendants of the lord and lady of the castle. He began to fancy that this was some great oracle that had come to visit him, in order that *he* might break the spell that kept the castle and its inhabitants closed up in the rock. Indeed, he was very much perplexed, but determined to wait a bit, and carefully keep his own counsel.

"A warning from the world of spirits is worth nothing, if it is not repeated. The next

night, my grandfather again was cautioned to listen to the words of fate. The third night the visitation was repeated. He knew, then, that the thing was no feint; and on the fourth night, he stole out of the house to go on the adventure.

"It was as pitch-dark as if light had never been invented. He took the hundred fathoms of line, the box of candles, a sack to bring home a supply of gold, and a good-sized flask of strong whiskey. When he reached the rock, his heart began to fail him. The night was so still that he could hear the beating of his heart—thump, thump, thump, against his breast. He could hear the bats flying about, and he could see the owls looking on him with their great, round, flaming eyes. Swallowing most of the contents of the flask at one pull, he found his spirits wonderfully restored, and he pushed forward to the mouth of the cave. He fastened one end of the line to the tree; he said an *Ave* or two—for we are all

of us a pious family—he drained the flask, and then he dashed forward.

"The way was as straight as an arrow for about thirty yards, but, after that, it took as many turnings and twistings, as a problem of Euclid in the sixth book, and branched out into many directions. My grandfather followed on the right-hand side, as he had been told, and soon found himself at the gateway of an old hall. He pushed open the door, and saw that there were doors upon doors, leading off to many a place. He still kept to the right, and in a few minutes found himself in a state-chamber. Pillars of white marble supported the roof, and, at the farthest end, the hall opened into an apartment, through which there beamed a soft and beautiful light, as if it came from a thousand shaded lamps.

"Here was the end of his journey. A carved mantel-piece of white marble was over the fire-place, and there lay two beautiful

white cats, on crimson-velvet cushions, before the fire. Diamonds and rubies, emeralds and amethysts, pearls and topazes, lay on the ground in heaps, and ceiling and walls were covered all over with them, so that rays of light gleamed down upon him, wherever he looked.

"There was no living thing in the room with my grandfather, but the cats. The creatures had golden collars, embossed with diamonds, round their necks; and to these were fastened long gold chains, which just gave them liberty to move round the room, being fastened to the walls, one at each side, by golden staples. He noticed that the animals steadily kept their eyes upon him, and appeared to watch every motion of his.

"My grandfather passed on into the inner room. The gold lay on the floor like wheat in a miller's store. He filled his sack with the coin to the brim, until, though he was said to be the strongest man in the whole barony, he

had some difficulty in lifting it. As he passed through the room in which the cats were, he paused for a moment, to have a parting glance at all the treasures he was leaving. There was one golden star, studded with diamonds as big as walnuts, and blazing like a lamp, hanging down before him from the ceiling. It was too tempting. He forgot the advice not to touch any thing but the gold in the inner room, and reached out his hand to seize the sparkling prize. One of the cats, who had eagerly watched his motions, sprang forward as he touched the jewel, and quick as a lightning stroke, struck out his right eye with a sharp dash of his paw. At the same moment, an invisible hand whipped off the sack of gold from his shoulders, as if it were only a bag of feathers. Out went all the lights. My grandfather groped his way out as well as he could, by the help of the guiding-line fastened to his wrist, and cursed his greediness, that would not be content with enough. He got home by daybreak, with only one

eye in his head, and that, without meaning to joke on his misfortune, was the *left* one.

"Next day he sent for the priest, and told him what had happened. My grandmother said that all the misfortune was owing to *her* not being in the secret. The priest said nothing. Before long, all the country heard of the story, and half the country believed it. To be sure, as my grandfather was rather addicted to liquor, (and there was a private still, in those days, in almost every corner,) it was a chance that he might have dreamt all this:—but then, there was his right eye absent. There were some malicious people, indeed, who hinted that he fell over the cliff, in a drunken fit, and that his eye was scratched out in that manner. But it would ill beseem me to make a story-teller of my dead-and-gone grandfather, and so I maintain the truth of his own statement. If it is not true, it deserves to be."

In this conclusion I fully agreed, and the Philomath, proud of the display of his legendary lore, and happy on having fallen in with a patient and willing auditor, next proceeded to acquaint me with the accredited legend of the meadow next the lake. As before, I shall endeavour, in repeating it, to adhere to the very words of my informant.

"About a thousand years ago, or so—but, of course, *after* this lake was formed, to fulfil the old fairy's prophecy, that the giant would come to his death by water—there was a man who owned all the fields in the Rock Close. He was a farmer—a plain, honest man. Not long after he had purchased the place, he noticed that, though this very field we are now sitting in, had the same cultivation as the others, it never gave him any return. He had

no idea of having a meadow look like a lawn in front of a gentleman's country-house, and lost no time in speaking about it to his herdsman, a knowledgeable man, who said it might be worth while to watch the place, for although he often saw the blades of grass a foot high at night, all was as closely shaved as a bowling-green in the morning. His master, who was one of the old stock of the Mac Carthies, thought there was reason in what he said, and desired him to be on the watch, and try to find out the real facts of the matter.

"The herdsman did his bidding. The next morning he told Mac Carthy that he had hid himself behind an old gateway (you may see the ruins of it there to the left) that, about midnight, he had seen the waters of the lake very much disturbed,—that six cows came up out of the lake, and set to, eating all the grass off the field, until, by day-break, they had made it as smooth as the palm of my hand,—and that, when the day dawned, the

cows walked back into the lake, and went down to the bottom, as much at their ease as if they were on dry land.

"This was strange news for Mac Carthy, and set him quite at his wits' ends. The herdsman was a little man, with the heart of a lion, and he offered to watch again on that evening, to seize one of the cows, and either put it into the pound, or go down into the lake with it, and make a regular complaint of the trespass. Aye, and he did it too. At dusk he went again, hid himself, as before, and waited to see what would happen.

"The six cows came up out of the lake, as before, and nibbled off the grass, until the field was quite smooth. They could not get into any other field, because they were surrounded by high, quickset hedges, and I have noticed that cows are not very fond of taking flying-leaps.

"Just at dawn, as the last cow was passing by him, on her return to the lake, the herds-

man made a dart at her tail, and took a fast hold of it. The cow walked on, as if nothing had happened, and the herdsman followed, still holding the tail.

"Down dashed the beast into the waters—but the herdsman still kept his grasp. Down they went—deep, deep, to the very bottom of the lake. Sure enough, there was the giant's castle, that had been drowned centuries before. A little boy was in the court-yard, playing with a golden ball. All round the yard were piles of armour—spears and helmets, swords and shields,—all ornamented with gold. Into the court-yard dashed the cows, and with them went the bold herdsman.

"Out came a lady, richly dressed up in velvets and jewels, and her eyes as bright as the sunbeams that dance on the wall on the morning of Easter Sunday. She carried a golden milk-pail in her hand. Loud and shrill was her cry when she saw the herdsman.

"I should have told you that, as they were

going down, the cow whispered to him, 'I want to speak a word with you, in confidence.'—'Honour bright,' said the herdsman.—'I think,' said the cow, 'that I'd like to graze on that meadow of your master's, by day as well as by night, for the grass is mighty sweet, and I don't think it agrees with my digestion to be driven up and down the lake as I am. If I stand your friend now, will you go bail that the master will never put me into any other field but that?'—Then the herdsman answered, 'I'll swear it to you, by the holy poker, and that is as good as if I was to swear by the blessed mud.'—'Then my mind is at ease,' says the cow. 'For the life of you, don't let go my tail, whatever you may hear and see.'

"When the young lady shrieked with surprise at seeing the herdsman in that place, out rushed a whole regiment of soldiers, with their cheeks as red as the kitchen-fire five minutes before the dinner is done, and the looks of

them as fierce as if they were in the heat of battle—a little fiercer, may be.—'Oh, that villain!' says the lady, pointing to the herdsman.—'Come here, and be killed,' shouted the dragoons. But the herdsman knew better. 'Send your master to me,' says he, as bold as brass. 'I always like to do business with principals.'

"They wondered, as well they might, at the fellow's impudence, but they thought it best to call out their master. He came, with a golden crown upon his head, and a purple velvet cloak, and a beautiful pair of Hessian boots.—'I demand justice,' said the herdsman, 'for the trespass that your cows have been committing on Mac Carthy's field; and I seize this cow until the damage be ascertained and made good.'

"He was as firm as a rock, and neither coaxing nor threatening could make him yield as much as a pin's point. He stood upon his right, and they could not get him off it. The cow had

been seized, in the very act of trespass, and all they dared do was to tempt the herdsman to surrender her. He knew better. At last the master of them said, ‘ We must compromise this little matter. Leave the cow here, make out your bill for the damage, and if I don't pay it to you either in sterling money, or notes of Delacour's bank at Mallow, you can have your remedy at law, and summon me before the Assistant Barrister and the bench of Magistrates at the next Quarter Sessions.'—But the herdsman knew better than that, and said he'd prefer leaving matters as they were. ‘ A cow in the hand'—says he. Then the master of them said, ‘ Take that golden ball that the child has, and leave us the cow.'—‘ Hand it over to me,' says the herdsman.—‘ Come for it,' said they, in the hope that he'd leave the cow.—‘ I've a touch of the rheumatism in my knee,' says he, ‘ and 'tis inconvenient to move the limb.'—With that, they handed him the ball, and, as soon as he saw that it really was

gold, he put it into his breeches pocket, and said it was not half enough.

" Then they began to whisper among themselves, and he could hear them proposing to get out a blood-hound—one of the breed that the Spaniards had to hunt down the Indians in America—and he thought it full time to make himself scarce. So, he whispered to the cow : —' My little cow,' said he, ' I'd like to go home.' —The cow took the hint, like a sensible animal as she was, and stole backward through half the lake before they missed her. ' If we get safely back on dry land,' says she, ' neither you nor any one else must swear in my presence, for the spell is upon me, and then I shall be obliged to return to the lake.'

" Just then the hound was slipped, and he cut through the water like a dolphin. But the cow had the start of him, by a good bit. Just as she set her foot on land, the dog caught hold of the herdsman, and his bite tore away part of the skirt of his coat. Indeed, it was

noticed for some days that the herdsman declined sitting down, so I won't say that the dog did not bite more than the garment.

" Mac Carthy had been cooling his heels on the bank of the lake all the while that the herdsman was away, and glad enough he was to see him come back, in company with the little cow. The herdsman told him all that happened, and handed him the golden ball which, people say, is in the Jeffreys' family to this day. The hound runs round the lake, from midnight to sunrise, on every first of July, and is to run, on that day, until his silver shoes are worn out,—whenever that happens, Ireland is to be a great nation, but not until then.

" The field was not visited any more by the cattle from the lake, for their Master, below there, thought that though gratis grazing was pleasant enough, it was not quite so pleasant to have the cows impounded for trespass. From that time, never another field in all Munster

gave such produce :—sow it or sow it not, there was always a barn-full of grain out of it. About half an acre of it was kept under grass, and on that the cow from the lake had constant feeding.

" In due season, the cow had young ones : —the same breed that we now call Kerry cows : those cattle, small in size, but good in substance, that feed upon very little, yield a great deal of milk, and always fetch the best of prices.

" Mac Carthy was in a fair way of making a little fortune out of that cow of his, she gave such a power of milk, but that one day as a nag of his was leaping over a hedge into the pasturage where the cow was, Mac Carthy burst out with a rattling oath. The moment the words left his lips, the cow cocked her ears, winked her eye knowingly at him, gave her tail a toss in the air, and made one spring down into the lake. The waters closed over her, and that was the last that mortal eye ever saw of her.

"From that time forth the field was again visited by the cattle from the lake, and that's the reason why it is as smooth as you see it now. It is supposed that so it will continue until somebody has the bold heart to go down again and make another seizure for trespass.

"Mr. Jeffreys', hearing a great deal of the treasures which are said to be at the bottom of the lake, laid out a power of money in trying to drain it. But it filled faster than the men could empty it. They might as well think of emptying the Atlantic with a slop-basin."

Having thanked Mr. Tim. Cronin, Philomath, for his legends, I took the liberty of asking if he believed them? "Well," said he, "that same question is a poser. If I am pressed on the point, I must admit that I do not believe them *entirely*; but, when I meet

curious gentlemen, I am proud to tell them these stories—particularly when they invite me to spend the afternoon with them at the little inn at the foot of the hill beyond there."

The hint was taken—as far as enabling him, as he said, to partake of his own hospitality, for my own time was limited, as I had to return to dine in Cork. Thus, I was unable to judge whether Mr. Cronin was as conversable after feeding-time as before it. He died about two years ago, I have been told, and it will be difficult to meet with a Cicerone so well qualified to describe and illustrate Blarney Castle and its dependencies.

"Veritable legends!" said Moran—"why, Mr. Butler, you have been more fortunate at Blarney than I have been. I have gone thither at all seasons, and never yet met with your Tim. Cronin. Apropos of Blarney, have

you read the Prout Papers, now appearing in Fraser's Magazine?"

Mr. Butler had read and admired them, like the rest of mankind, for their rare facility of versification, their playfulness, their fancy, their wit, and their erudition. "What is there in the language more spirited than the translations from Beranger?—as was said of Goethe's Faust, as translated by Anster, the poet was transfused into our vernacular. What flexibility given to the old Latin tongue by the versions from Moore into that language. What charming mastery of learning, as shown in the polyglot translations of 'The Groves of Blarney.'"

"Yes, and the humour of treating Miliken's original song, as a Translation."

"I think," said Butler, "that the greatest wonder of all is to find a Jesuit—a young man, too—as the Prout-writer is, so thoroughly accomplished. If he throw off such things as these without any apparent effort, what may

not be expected when his facility, wit, and erudition are united to produce a work which the world 'will not willingly let die.'"

"Perhaps," said Crayon, "what he has produced, sparkling as it is, may be better than more elaborate efforts. Some plants, you know, produce flowers, while some yield fruit. Was there ever such a man as Father Prout?"

"There certainly was such a man. I have seen him—spoken to him—dined with him. The Father Prout, however, of real life was very different from him of the Prout Papers. He was parish-priest of Watergrass-hill, midway between the city of Cork and the town of Fermoy—a locality known as the highest arable land in Ireland. Prout was one of the old priests who, when it was penal for a Catholic clergyman to exist in Ireland, picked up the elements of his education how he could, completed it at a foreign university, and came back to Ireland, a priest, to administer the

consolations of religion to the peasantry of his native land. Sometimes, the Catholic priest evidenced to the last, in conduct and manners, that his youth had been passed in countries in which social civilization had extended further than in Ireland. Sometimes, the learning and the polish which had been acquired abroad were forgotten at home—as the sword loses its brightness from disuse—and, living much among the peasantry, the priest lost a part of the courtesy of the gentleman, and assumed the roughness of the bulk of his parishioners. Wherever there was a resident Protestant landowner, the Priest of the olden time instinctively formed friendly relations with him —for, at that time, the priestly order was not invariably supplied from the peasantry, and tolerance was more declared and practised by members of all persuasions, in Ireland, at that time than it is now. Prout was literally a 'round, fat, oily man of God.' He had a hand small as a woman's, and was very proud

of it. He had an unconquerable spirit of good humour, and it was utterly impossible for any one to be in his company for ten minutes without feeling and basking in the sunshine of his buoyant and genial goodnature. Of learning he had very little. I do not know what his share might have been half a century before, when he was fresh from Douay or the Sorbonne, but few traces were left in his latter years. In the society of his equals or his superiors, Prout could keep up the shuttlecock of conversation as well as any one, and in the fashion of the place and class, but he was equally at home amid the festivities of a country wedding, or the genialities of the hospitable entertainment which followed the holding of a country Station at a rich farmer's domicile."

"Then, 'The Reliques of Father Prout' really owe nothing to the little *padrone* ?"

"Not much," answered Moran. "He had a strong sense of the humourous, and, when

the fancy seized him, was not very particular how or when he indulged it. I have a memorandum of a sermon of his which strikes me as one which Rabelais, 'in his easy chair,' would have enjoyed. Swift certainly would have hailed Prout as a congenial spirit. Premising that the object was to collect some "dues" from his non-paying parishioners, (rather a large portion of his congregation,) the discourse was much to this effect:—

VI.

FATHER PROUT'S SERMON.

SOMEWHERE in the Scriptures it is written, that whoever gives to the poor lends to the Lord. There are three reasons why I don't tell you exactly where this may be found. In the first place, poor creatures that you are, few of you happen to have the authorized Douay edition, printed and published by Richard Coyne of Dublin, and certified as correct by Archbishop Troy, and the other heads of the church in Ireland,—few among you, I say, have *that*, though there is not a house in the parish

without a loose song book, or the History of the Irish Rogues, it appears. In the second place, if ye had it, 'tis few of ye could read it, ignorant heathens that ye are. And, in the third place, if every man-jack of ye had it, and could read it, (for the Church still admits the possibility of miracles,) it would not much matter at this present moment, because it happens that I don't quite remember in what part of it the text is to be found, for the wickedness of my flock has affected my memory, and driven many things clean out of my head, which it took me a deal of trouble to put into it when I was studying in foreign parts, years ago. But it don't matter. The fault is not mine, but yours, ye unnatural crew, and may be ye won't find it out, to your cost, before ye have been five minutes quit of this life. Amen.

"He who gives to the poor"—Ye are not skilled in logic, nor indeed in any thing that I know except playing hurley in the fields,

scheming at cards in public-houses for half gallons of porter, and defrauding your clergy of their lawful dues. What is worse, there's no use in trying to drive logic into your heads, for indeed that would be the fulfilment of another text that speaks of throwing pearls before pigs. But if ye *did* know logic—which ye don't—ye would perceive at once that the passage I have just quoted naturally divides itself into two branches. The first involves the *giving*; that is, rationally and syllogistically considered, what ye ought to do. And the second involves the *poor;* that is, the receivers of the gifts, or the persons for whom ye ought to do it.

First, then, as to the giving. Now it stands to reason that, as the Scripture says in some other place, the blind can't lead the blind, because may-be they'd fall into the bog-holes, poor things, and get drowned. And so, though there really is wonderful kindness to each other among them, it is not to be expected

that the poor can give to the poor. No, the givers must be people who have something to give, which the poor have not. Some of ye will try and get off on this head, and say that 'tis gladly enough ye'd give but that really ye can't afford it. Can't ye? If you make up your minds, any one of you, to give up only a single glass of spirits, every day of your lives, see what it will come to in the course of a year, and devote *that* to the Church—that is to the Clergy—and it will be more than some of the well-to-do farmers, whom I have in my eye at this blessed moment, have had the heart to give me during the last twelve months. Why, as little as a penny a day comes to more than thirty shillings in the year, and even that insignificant trifle I have not had from some of you that have the means and ought to know better. I don't want to mention names, but, Tom Murphy of the Glen, I am afraid I shall be compelled to name you before the whole congregation, some day before long, if

you don't pay up your lawful dues. I won't say more now on that subject, for, as St. Augustus says, "A nod's as good as a wink to a blind horse."

Now, the moral of the first part being clearly shewn, that all who *can* give *ought* to give, the next branch is *to whom* should it be given? The blessed text essentially states and declares "to the poor." Then follows the enquiry, who's "the *poor*." The whole matter depends on *that*. I dare say, ignorant as ye are, some of you will think that it's the beggars, and the cripples, and the blind travellers who contrive to get through the length and breadth of the country, guided by Providence and a little dog tied to their fingers by a bit of string. No, I don't want to say one mortal word against that sort of cattle, or injure them in their honest calling. God help them. It's their trade, their estate, their occupation, their business to beg—just as much as 'tis Pat Mulcarty's business to tailor, or Jerry Smith's

to make carts, or Tom Shine's to shoe horses, or Din Cotter's to make potheen, and my business to preach sermons, and save your souls, ye heathens—but these ain't "the poor," meant in the text. They're used to begging, and they like to beg, and they thrive on begging, and I, for one, wouldn't be the man to disturb them in the practice of their profession, and long may it be a provision to them and to their heirs for ever. Amen.

May be, ye mean-spirited creatures, some among you will say that it's yourselves is "the poor." Indeed, then, it isn't. Poor enough and niggardly ye are, but you ain't the poor contemplated by holy Moses in the text. Sure 'tis your nature to toil and to slave—sure 'tis what ye're used to. Therefore, if any one were to give any thing to you, he would not be lending to the Lord in the slightest degree, but throwing away his money as completely as if he lent it upon the security of the land that's covered by the Lakes of Killarney.

Don't flatter yourselves, any of you, for a moment, that you are "the poor." I can tell you that you're nothing of the sort.

Now, then, we have found out who should be the givers. There's no mistake about *that*—reason and logic unite in declaring that every one of you, man, woman and child—should give, and strain a point to do it liberally. Next, we have ascertained that it's "the poor," who should receive what you give. Thirdly, we have determined who are *not* "the poor." Lastly, we must discover who *are*.

Let each of you put on his considering cap and think.—Well, I have paused that you might do so. Din Cotter is a knowledgeable man compared with the bulk of you. I wonder whether he has discovered who *are* "the poor." He shakes his head—but there is not much in *that*. Well, then, you give it up. You leave it to me to enlighten you all. Learn, then, to your shame, that it's the Clergy who are "the poor." Ah! you perceive it now, do you? The

light comes in through your thick heads, does it? Yes, it's I and my brethren is "the poor." We get our bread—coarse enough, and dry enough it usually is—by filling you with spiritual food, and, judging by the congregation now before me, its ugly mouths you have to receive it. We toil not, neither do we spin, but if Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed better than we are, instead of being clothed in vermin and fine linen, 'tis many a time he'd be wearing a thread-bare black coat, white on the seams, and out at the elbows. It's the opinion of the most learned scholars and Doctors in Divinity, as laid down before the Council of Trent, that the translation is not sufficiently exact in regard of this text. And they recommend that for the words "the poor," we should put the words "the clergy." Thus corrected, then, the text would read "he who gives to the Clergy, lends to the Lord," which no doubt, is the proper and undiluted scripture.

The words of the text are thus settled, and you have heard my explanation of it all. Now for the application. Last Thursday was a week since the fair of Bartlemy, and I went down there to buy a horse, for this is a large parish, and mortification and fretting has puffed me up so, that, God help me, 'tis little able I am to walk about to answer all the sick calls, to say nothing of stations, weddings, and christenings. Well, I bought the horse, and it cost me more than I expected, so that there I stood without a copper in my pocket after I had paid the dealer. It rained cats and dogs, and as I am so poor that I cant afford to buy a great coat, I got wet to the skin, in less than no time. There you were, scores of you, in the public houses, with the windows up, that all the world might see you eating and drinking as if it was for a wager. And there was not one of you had the grace to ask "Father Prout, have you got a mouth in your face?" And there I might have stood in the rain until this

blessed hour, (that is, supposing it had continued raining until now,) if I had not been picked up by Mr. Mun Roche, of Kildinan, an honest gentleman, and a hospitable man I must say, though he is a Protestant. He took me home with him, and there, to your eternal disgrace, you villains, I got as full as a tick, and Mun had to send me home in his own carriage—which is an everlasting shame to all of you, who belong to the true Church.

Now, I ask which has carried out the text? You, who did not give me even a poor tumbler of punch, when I was like a drowned rat at Bartlemy, or Mun Roche, who took me home, and filled me with the best of eating and drinking, and sent me to my own house, after that, in his own elegant carriage? Who best fulfilled the Scripture? Who lent to the Lord, by giving to his poor clergy? Remember, a time will come when I must give a time account of you:—what can I say then! Won't I have to hang down my head in shame, on

your account? 'Pon my conscience, it would not much surprise me, unless you greatly mend your ways, if Mun Roche and you won't have to change places on that occasion : *he* to sit along-side of me, as a friend who had treated the poor clergy well in this world, and *you* in a certain place, which I won't particularly mention now, except to hint that 'tis little frost or cold you'll have in it, but quite the contrary. However, 'tis never too late to mend, and I hope that by this day-week, its quite another story, I'll have to tell of you all, —Amen.

By the time this specimen of pulpit eloquence was concluded,—and surely, the congregation must have been peculiar which could be moved only by an exhortation, so much in the spirit of Dean Swift's "if you like the conditions, down with the dust,"—some of our party discovered that the afternoon was sufficiently fine to permit a pleasant walk, and

the gallantry to propose it to the ladies. Our divan broke up, and its members strolled about Matlock, which they were so soon to leave. Tressilian and myself went together, and he then suggested that, as I had notes of the spoken, and could obtain copies of the written, stories which we had heard, it might be practicable — with sufficient disguise and concealment of circumstances and names—to make a book of the whole. On *him*, therefore, must rest the onus of my thus inflicting our Matlock sayings and doings on a pensive public. When I had agreed to act on his hint, we went into Vallance's Museum, where there then presided a nymph

> "Who seemed to flatter
> Mankind with her dark eyes for looking at her."

and thence he presented me with an inkstand, curiously fashioned out of Blue John (or fluor spar), which I have carefully preserved to this day, the only drawback being that as it is much too beautiful for use, it flourishes as an

ornament "in my lady's chamber." I accepted it, as a sort of pledge that I would become the historiographer of our party :—how long the task has remained unaccomplished!

In the afternoon, Moran was called upon for the story which he had volunteered on the part of Lady Tressilian. He produced a manuscript which, he laughingly told us, had the doubtful merit of being illegible to all but its writer. He contrived to read it, however, and with considerable spirit too,—as well, in fact, as if it had been in print, and not his own composition. Few authors do justice, in the reading, to what they write. Miss Barrett has endeavoured to explain the reason. Having stated how she sometimes reads "hoarsely some new poem of her making,"

> "Oh, your poets never read their own best verses to their worth,
> For the echo, in you, breaks upon the words which you are speaking,
> And the chariot-wheels jar in the gate through which you drive them forth."

Now, leaving Miss Barrett and her poetry, let us return to Mr. Moran's simple prose. It told a story in the following manner :—

VII.

THE PETRIFIED PIPER.

Chapter I.

WHO THE PIPER WAS.

Irish Legends almost invariably remind me of the Field of Waterloo. When our tourists rushed *en masse*, to behold the plain on which the destinies of Europe had been decided, they exhibited the usual relic-hunting and relic-buying mania. Bullets and helmet ornaments, rusty pistols and broken swords, buttons and spurs, and such things—actually found on the battle-field — were soon disposed of, while of the tourists it might be said, as of the host of Dunsinane, "The cry is still 'they come!'" So, the demand exceeding the legitimate supply, the Belgian peasantry began

to *make* relics, and a very profitable trade it was, for a long time.

In the same manner, Irish legends having become a marketable commodity (Carlton and Croker, Banim and Griffin, Lover and Whitty, having worked the vein deeply,) people had recourse to invention instead of tradition—take George Psalmanazar's History of Formosa, in which fiction supplied the place of facts. Very amusing, no doubt; but not quite fair. More ingenious than honest, Therefore, *my* Irish story, if it possess none other, shall have the merit, at least, of being "founded on facts," and, in this—though in all other points at a great distance, I fear—of resembling Mrs. S. C. Hall's truth-like stories.

Fermoy is one of the prettiest towns in Ireland. It is not very remote from that very distinguished Southern metropolis — of pigs and porter—known as "the beautiful city of Cork." Some people prefer the country town to the crowded city: for, though its

trade be small, its society rather too fond of scandal, its church without a steeple, and its politicians particularly intolerant, Fermoy is in the heart of a fertile and picturesque tract, and there flows through it that noble river, the Blackwater, honourably mentioned in song, as the scene where may be beheld

> "The trout and the salmon
> A-playing backgammon,
> All on the banks of sweet Castle Hyde."

The scenery around Fermoy is indeed most beautiful, and *above* all (in more meanings than one) towers Corrig Thierna, which, to such of the inhabitants as have not seen greater elevations, appears a mountain entitled to vie with the most respectable of the Alps, Appenines, or Andes.

Although Fermoy now contains fully seven hundred houses (exclusive of stables and pigsties), and a population of nearly seven thousand souls, men, women, and children—to say nothing of horses, oxen, sheep, mules, donkies,

cats, dogs, and such other creatures as have no souls—it was not always so extensive and populous.

In every town a high traditional authority is constantly referred to as "within the memory of the oldest inhabitant," and it may be stated, on this antique authority, that, not much more than half a century since, Fermoy was a very small and obscure hamlet, consisting of no more than one little pot-house and half a dozen other mud cabins, luxuriantly located, with some ingenuity, so as to enjoy, front and rear, a *maximum* of the morning and afternoon sunshine. These domiciles were ranged in a row, and hence arose the figurative saying, "All on one side, like the town of Fermoy." The energy, ability, and capital of one man (the late John Anderson, who introduced mail-coaches into Ireland), raised the village of Fermoy into a populous and thriving town, which, in 1809, was a merry place—partly owing to the mirth

whose chief minister was Remmy Carroll, son of old Carroll, the piper.

As Remmy is the hero of my tale, it is only proper that I should describe him. Irish parlance emphatically distinguished him as "a mighty clever boy," which did not mean a compliment to his capacity or acquirements, but was simply a figure of speech to declare that this Hibernian Orpheus stood about "six feet two 'in his stocking vamps." Remmy Carroll's personal appearance was not quite as *distingué* as that of his great contemporary, Beau Brummel. His coat, originally of blue frieze, had worn down, by age and service, to a sort of bright grey, tessellated, like mosaic-work, with emendations of the original substance carefully annexed thereto by Remmy's own industrious fingers. The garment, like the wearer, had known many a fray, and Remmy was wont to observe, jocularly, when he sat down to repair these breaches, that then, like a man of landed

property, he was occupied in "taking in his rents."

Care is not very likely to kill a man who can jest upon his own poverty. Accordingly, Remmy Carroll was as light-hearted a fellow as could be met with in town or country. He was a gentleman accustomed to live how and where he could, and he was welcomed everywhere. It was mentioned, as an undoubted fact, that where men of substance—rich farmers and thriving shopkeepers—had been very coldly received by bright-eyed angels in petticoats, looks and even words of encouragement had been extended to Remmy Carroll. The fair sex are proverbially of a kind nature, especially towards young men who, like Carroll, have handsome features and jocund speech, lofty stature and winning smiles, that symmetry of limb which pleases the eye, and that subduing conversation which pleases the ear. What was more, Remmy Carroll knew very well—none better!—that he was a favourite

with the rose-cheeked Venuses of Fermoy and its vicinity. It may be mentioned also—as *sotto voce* as type can express it—that he was also perfectly aware that he was a very personable fellow, what Coleridge has described as "a noticeable man." Was there ever any one, no matter what the age or sex, possessing personal advantages, who was not fully aware of the fact?

It would be tedious to expatiate very particularly upon the extent and variety of Remmy Carroll's accomplishments. He followed the hereditary profession of his family, and was distinguished, far and near, for his really splendid execution on the Irish pipes—an instrument which can be made to "discourse most excellent music," and must never be confounded with the odious drone of the Scottish bag-pipes. Remmy's performance could almost excite the very chairs, tables, and three-legged stools to dance. One set of pipes is worth a dozen fiddles, for it can "take

the shine out of them all" in point of loudness. But then these same pipes can do more than make a noise. The warrior boldest in the field, is gentlest at the feet of his ladye-love; and so, the Irish pipes, which can sound a strain almost as loud as a trumpet-call, can also breathe forth a tide of gushing melody—sweet, soft, and low as the first whisper of mutual love. You have never felt the eloquent expression of Irish music, if you have not heard it from the Irish pipes. It is quite marvellous that, amid all the novelties of instrumentation (if I may coin a word) which are thrust upon the patient public, season after season—including the Jews'-harping of Eulenstein, the chin-chopping of Michael Bouai, and the rock-harmonicon of the Derbyshire mechanics—no one has thought of exhibiting the melodious performance of an Irish piper. If he confined himself to the Irish melodies, and really were a first-rate performer, he could not fail to please—to delight

—to astonish. But take care of confounding the sweet harmony of the Irish, with the drony buzz of the Scotch pipes.

Remmy Carroll's accomplishments were not limited to things musical. He could out-walk, out-run, and out-leap any man in the barony of Condons and Clongibbons; aye, or of any five other baronies in the county of Cork, the Yorkshire of Ireland. He could back the most vicious horse that ever dared to rear and kick against human supremacy. He had accepted the challenge scornfully given to the whole world, by Big Brown of Kilworth, to wrestle, and had given him four fair falls out of five—a matter so much taken to heart by the said Big one, that he emigrated to America, and in due course of time became Major, tavern-keeper, and justice of the peace, in Kentucky, and eminently distinguished for his administration of Lynch-law, the strength of his Monongahela whiskey, the vehemence of his election speeches "on the stump," and the

peculiar effect and delicacy of his gouging operations.

Remmy Carroll could do, and had done, more than this. He could swim like a fish, was the only man ever known to dive under that miniature Maëlstrom which eddies at the base of The Nailer's Rock, (nearly opposite Barnäan Well,) and, before he was one-and-twenty, had saved nine unfortunates from being drowned in the fatal Blackwater.

No man in the county could beat him at hurly, or foot-ball. He was a crack-hand at a faction-fight on a fair-day—only, as a natural spirit of generosity sometimes impelled him, with a reckless chivalry, to side with the weaker party, he had, more than once, been found magnanimously battling against his own friends.

Yet more.—Having had the advantage of three years' instruction at Tim Daly's far-famed Academy, Remmy Carroll was master of what a farmer, more alliterative than wise,

called "the mystery of the three R's :—Reading, 'Riting, and 'Rithmetic." He knew, by the simple taste, when the Potheen was sufficiently "above proof." He had a ten-Irishman power of love-making, and while the maidens, (with blushes, smiles, and softly-similated angers,) would exclaim, "Ah, then, be done, Remmy!—for a deluder as ye are!" there usually was such a sly intelligence beaming from their bright eyes, as assured him that he was not unwelcome; and then he felt it his duty to kiss them into perfect good-humour and forgiveness.—But I am cataloguing his accomplishments at too much length. Let it suffice to declare, that Remmy Carroll was confessedly the Admirable Crichton of the district.

He was an independent citizen of the world —for he had no particular settled habitation. He was a popular character—for every habitation was open to him, from Tim Mulcahy's, who lived with his wife and pig, in a windowless

mud cabin, at the foot of Corrig Thierna, to Mr. Bartle Mahony's two-story slated house, on a three hundred acre farm, at Carrigabrick, on the banks of the Blackwater. At the latter abode of wealth, however, Remmy Carroll had not lately called.

Mr. Bartholemew Mahony—familiarly called "Bartle"—was a man of substance. Had he lived now, he might have sported a hunter for himself, and set up a jaunting-car for his daughter. But the honest, well-to-do farmer had at once too much pride and sagacity to sink into the *Squireen*. He was satisfied with his station in life, and did not aspire beyond it. He was passing rich in the world's eye. Not many, even of the worldlings, thought less of his wealth than of his daughter, Mary. Of all who admired, none loved her half so well as poor Remmy Carroll, who loved the more deeply, because very hopelessly, inasmuch as her wealth and his own poverty shut him out from all reasonable prospect of success.

He admired—nay, that is by far too weak a word: he almost adored her, scarcely daring to confess, even to his own heart, how closely her image was blended with the very life of his being.

Mary Mahony was an Irish beauty;—that most indescribable of all breathing beauties, with dark hair, fair skin, and violet eyes, a combination to which the truthful and brilliant pencil of Maclise has often rendered justice. She had a right to look high, in a matrimonial way, for she was an heiress in her own right. She had £500 left her as a legacy by an old maiden-aunt, near Mitchelstown, who had taken care of her from her twelfth year, when she left the famous Academy of the renowned Tim Daly, (where she and Remmy used to write together at the same desk,) until some eight months previous to the date of this authentic narrative, when the maiden-aunt died, bequeathing her property, as aforesaid, to Mary Mahony, who then returned to her father.

With all her good fortune, including the actual of the legacy, and the ideal of inheritance to her father's property—with beauty sufficient to have turned the head of any other damsel of eighteen, Mary Mahony was far from pride or conceit. She had the lithest form and the most graceful figure in the world, but many maidens, with far less means, wore much more showy and expensive apparel. Her dark hair was plainly braided off her white brow, in bands, in the simplest and most graceful manner; while, from beneath, gleamed those orbs, so beautiful, that one might have said to her, in the words of John Ford, the dramatist,

> "Once a young lark,
> Sat on thy hand, and gazing on thine eyes,
> Mounted and sung, thinking them moving skies."

The purple stuff gown, (it was prior to the invention of merinos, and muslins-de-laine,) which, in its close fit, exhibited the exquisite beauty of her form, and set off, by contrast, the purity of

her complexion, was also a within-doors article of attire :—when she went out, she donned a long cloak of fine blue cloth, with the sides and hood neatly lined with pink sarsnet. Young and handsome Irish girls, in her rank of life, were not usually satisfied, at that time, with a dress so quiet, and so much the reverse of gay.

But Mary Mahony's beauty required nothing to set it off. I do not exaggerate when I say that it was literally dazzling. I saw her twenty years after the date of this narrative, and was even then struck with admiration of her matured loveliness ;—how rich then must it have been in the bud ?

Mary, as Remmy Carroll said *before* he knew that he loved her—for *then*, he never breathed her name to mortal ear, was " the moral of a darling creature, only t'would be hard to say whether she was most good or handsome." Her hair, as I have said, was dark, (I seldom like light tresses,) and her

eyes were of so deep a blue that nine out of ten on whom they glanced mistook them for black. Then, too, the long lashes veiling them, and the lovely cheek (" oh, call it fair, not pale") on which their silky length reposed, and the lips so red and pouting, and the bust whose gentle heavings were just visible behind the modest kerchief which covered it, and the brow white as snow (but neither too high nor too prominent,) and the fingers tapering and round, and the form lithe and graceful, and the feet small and well-shaped, and the nameless air which gave dignity and grace to every motion of this country girl!—oh, beautiful was Mary Mahony, beautiful as the bright image of a poet's dream, the memory of which he shadows forth in the verse which challenges immortality in the minds of men.

The *contour* of her face was neither Roman, nor Grecian, nor Gothic;—it was essentially Irish, and I defy you find a lovelier. The only drawback (for I must be candid, was that her

nose had somewhat—just the slightest—of an upward inclination. This, which sometimes lent a sort of piquancy to what would otherwise have been quite a Madonna-like face, only made her not too handsome; at least, so thought her admirers. Lastly, she had a voice as sweet as ear ever loved to listen to. No doubt, it had the distinguishing accents of her country, but with her, as with Scott's Ellen, they were

> "Silvery sounds, so soft, so dear,
> The listener held his breath to hear."

Chapter II.

WHAT THE PIPER DID.

It was the summer of 1809, that, for the first time since both of them were children and schoolmates, Remmy Carroll spoke to Mary Mahony. Often had he seen her at the dance, which, without his aid could not be, but in which, alas, *he* could not join. Often had he admired the natural grace of her movements. Often had he been struck by the bewitching modesty of mien and motion which had the power of suddenly changing the rakish, rolicking gallantry of her followers (for she was a reigning toast) into a most respectful homage.

Often had he noticed her at chapel, whither she came to pray, while others flaunted and gazed as if they had come only to see and to be seen. Often had he followed her very footsteps, at a distance—for the very ground on which she trod was hallowed to this humble lover—but never yet had he dared to hope.

The shortest way from Fermoy to Carrigabrick, is by the banks of the Blackwater, and this way, on Whitsunday, 1809, was taken by Mary Mahony and a merry younger cousin of hers on their homeward route. There are stiles to be crossed, and deep drains to be jumped over, and even a pretty steep wall to be climbed.

Remmy Carroll, who knew that they would thus return home, had followed the maidens afar off,—sighing to think, as they crossed the stiles, with a world of gentle laughter, that he must not dare to think of proffering them any assistance. With all his love—perhaps, indeed, because of it—he had hitherto been careful to

avoid the chance of even a casual notice from the subject of his untold passion. *She* was wealthy, *he* was poor ; and, therefore, he shrunk from the object of his unuttered passion. Her feelings towards him at this time, were rather kind than otherwise. She knew, what all the parish were acquainted with, that Remmy devoted the greater portion of his earnings not only to the support of a bed-ridden old aunt who had neither kith nor kin save himself in the wide world, but even to the procuring for her what might be esteemed rather as luxuries than mere comforts. Whatever might be the deficiencies in Remmy Carroll's wardrobe, his old aunt never went without " the raking cup of tay" morning and evening. Was it because she had noticed how carefully Remmy Carroll avoided her, that the bright eyes of Mary Mahony rested upon him with some degree of interest, and that she even liked to listen to and encourage her father's praises of his conduct towards his aged relative, for whose com-

fortable support he sacrificed dress—the natural vent for youthful vanity in both sexes.

Mary and her merry cousin went on, through the fields, until they reached the most difficult pass. This was a deep chasm separating two meadows. A deep and rapid stream flowed through the abyss, whirlingly pouring its strong current into the Blackwater. The maidens lightly and laughingly tripped down the steps which were rudely cut on the side of the chasm. It was but a quick jump across. Remmy drew nearer. Hark!—a sudden shriek! He cleared the wall at a bound—he dashed across the meadow—in one minute he was plunging down the abyss. He saw that Mary's cousin had safely reached the other side, where she stood uselessly wringing her hands, and screaming in an agony of despair, while Mary (precipitated into the deep and swollen stream, her foot having slipped) was in the act of being hurried into the eddies of the Blackwater. There was no time for delay.

He plunged into the stream, dived for the body, which had just then sunk again, and, in less time than I have taken to tell it, had placed his insensible but still lovely *treasure trove* on the bank which he just quitted. The other maiden no sooner saw that her cousin had been rescued than—according to womanly custom in such cases, I presume—*she* swooned away, leaving poor Remmy to take care of Mary Mahony.

With the gentlest care he could employ, he exerted his best skill to restore her, and, in a short time, had the inexpressible delight of seeing her open her eyes. It was but for a moment; she glanced wildly around, and again closed them. Soon again the bloom returned to her cheek—and now she felt, though she saw not, that she lay supported in the arms of Remmy Carroll; for, as he leant over her, and her breathing came softly and balmily upon his face, his lips involuntarily were pressed to hers, and the maiden, through

whose frame that stolen embrace thrilled, with a new and bewildering sensation, might be forgiven, if, at that moment, she intuitively knew who had thus brushed the dewy sweetness from her lips ; might be forgiven, if, from that moment, there gushed into her heart a feeling more kind, more deep, more pervading, than ordinary gratitude.

By this time, the pretty cousin had thought proper to recover ; nor has it yet been accurately ascertained whether, indeed, she had or had not beheld the oscular proceeding which I have mentioned. Now, however, she hastened to pay the feminine attentions, more suitable to the situation of a half-drowned young lady, than those which Remmy Carroll had attempted to bestow. He had the satisfaction, however, of carefully taking Mary Mahony across the stream in his arms. Nay, before he departed, she had softly whispered her gratitude ; and in her tone and manner, there was that which breathed hope to him,

even against hope. Though he quitted them, he loitered about while they remained in sight, and just as Mary Mahony was vanishing through the stile which opened into her father's lands, she turned round, saw her deliverer watching her at a distance, and she kissed her hand to him as she withdrew.

From that hour the current of his life flowed on with a fresher bound—the fountain of hope welled out its sparkling waters, for the first time, into its depths. To the world —to no living soul would he have dared to avow his new-born feeling, that Mary Mahony might one day be his own. Within his heart of hearts it lay, and with it was the consciousness, that to win her he must merit her. *How*, he knew not; but the resolve is much.

Three months glided on. Carroll continued to pursue his calling as a music-maker, and not a wedding nor christening passed by, or, indeed, could pass by, without the assistance of his "professional" powers. But he

now became what a young and gay Irishman seldom is—a hoarder of his earnings. He laid aside much of the wild and reckless mirth which had made him, despite his poverty, the king of good fellows. Remmy was, in many respects, above the generality of his class; for he had got a tolerably good education; he was quick at repartee, and not without a certain manly grace of manner; his conversation was never garnished with expletives; he had a good voice, and could sing with considerable effect; he was an adept in fairy lore and romantic legends; and he was accustomed to retail news from the newspapers to a wondering auditory, so that the marvel was how he could be "such a janius entirely." Hence his popularity with all classes. But now, as I have said, he laid aside all mirth that might involve outlay. His manners became sedate, almost grave,—nay, if we dared to apply such high words to a man of such low degree as an Irish piper, it might be

added, that a certain degree of quiet dignity became blended with his speech and actions. Like the wedding guest named by Coleridge, he seemed "a sadder and a wiser man." Such a change could not pass unobserved, and while one-half the circle of his acquaintance shook their heads, and ominously whispered, "Sure the boy must be fairy-struck," the fairer moiety suggested that the alteration must have been produced by Love, though even their sagacity and observation failed to ascertain the object of his passion.

Chapter III.

How the Piper got on with Mary Mahony.

The aim and the result of Remmy Carroll's newly-acquired habits of economy and self-denial became evident, at length, when his appearance, one Sunday, in the Chapel of Fermoy—it was the Old Chapel, with mud walls and a thatched roof, which stood in that part of Cork-Hill, whence now diverges the narrow passage called Waterloo-Lane—caused a most uncommon sensation. It was Remmy's first appearance, on any stage, in the character of a country beau. His ancient coat was put into Schedule A. (like certain pocket-

boroughs in the Reform Bill), and was replaced by a garment from the tasty hands of Dandy Cash, at that time the Stultz of Fermoy and its vicinity. This was a broad-skirted coat of blue broad-cloth, delicately embellished with the brilliancy of shining gilt buttons, each not much larger than a half-dollar. A vest of bright yellow kerseymere, with a double row of plump mother-of-pearl studs; a new pair of closely-fitting unmentionables, with a liberal allowance of drab ribband pensile at the knees; grey worsted stockings, of the rig-and-furrow sort, displaying the muscular calf and the arched instep; neat pumps, with soles not quite half-an-inch thick, and the uppers made "elegant" by the joint appliances of lamp-black and grease (considered to *nourish* the leather much better than Day and Martin!); a well-fitting shirt of fine bandle-linen, bleached to an exquisite whiteness, and universally looked upon as a *noli me tangere* of provincial buckism, with a

silk *grinder* "round his nate neck," and a tall Carlisle hat, encircled with an inch-wide ribband—such were the component parts of Remmy Carroll's new costume. True, it is, that he left a little too much to the taste of Dandy Cash, the dogmatic and singularly conceited Snip ; but still Nature had done so much for him, that he appeared quite a new man, the handsomest of the whole congregation, gentle or simple, and many a bright glance fell upon him admiringly, from eyes which had looked scorn at his chrysalis condition ; and not a few fair bosoms fluttered at the thought, "what a fine, handsome, likely boy is Remmy Carroll, now that he is dressed dacent." He was not the first man whose qualifications have remained unacknowledged until such an accident as fine apparel has brought them into notice.

Mary Mahony was at Chapel on that Sunday when Remmy Carroll shone out, like the sun emerging from behind a rack of heavy clouds.

A casual looker-on might have fancied that she was one of the very few who did *not* mind Remmy Carroll. Indeed, she rather hung down her head, as she passed him,—but that may have been to hide the blushes which suffused her face when she met his eye. Her father, a kind-hearted man, who had a cordial salute for every friend, insisted that they should not hurry away without speaking to the piper. Accordingly, they loitered until nearly all the congregation had left the chapel, and, among the last, Remmy Carroll was quietly stealing away. Bartle Mahony accosted him, with a hearty grasp of the hand, and warmly thanked him for having saved Mary's life, adding, "It is not until now I'd be waiting to thank you, man-alive, but Mary never let me know the danger she'd been in, until this blessed morn, when her cousin, Nancy Doyle, made me sensible of the ins and outs of the accident. But I *do* thank you, Remmy, and 'twill go hard with me if I don't find a better

way of shewing it than by words, which are only breath, as one may say."

Then Bartle Mahony slapped Remmy on the back, in a familiar manner, and insisted that he should walk home with them and take share of their dinner. "Don't hang down your head like a girl, but tuck Mary under your arm, and off to Carrigabrick, where I follow in less than no time, with the heartiest of welcomes. Don't dawdle there, man-alive, like a goose, but walk off like a man."

So through the town of Fermoy did Mary Mahony walk with Remmy Carroll—down Cork-hill and King-street, and across the Square, and along Artillery-quay, and by Skelhorne's paper-mill, and Reid's flour-mill, and then, on the Inches, by the Blackwater. History has not recorded whether Mary did actually take Remmy's arm—but it is conjectured that he was too shy to offer it, deeming *that* too great a liberty—but it it said that it was she who took the field-route to Carriga-

brick, and, though she blushed deeply the while, she did not make any very violent objection to his taking her in his arms across that chasm, the passage of which, on a former day, had so nearly proved fatal to her. If I said that, while performing this pleasant duty, Remmy Carroll did *not* press her to his heart, I am pretty sure that no one would believe me. Well, then, there *was* this gentle pressure, but of course Mary Mahony believed he could not help it.—Do you think he could?

They proceeded to Carrigabrick, but the short cut through the fields proved the longest way round on this occasion. Bartle Mahony had reached the house fully half-an-hour before they did, and yet he had gone by the road, which, as every one knows, is nearly a mile round. They had exchanged few words during their walk:—it was not quite the lady's place to make conversation, and Remmy's thoughts were all too deep for utterance. In the earlier stage of love, passion is contem-

plative, and silence often has an eloquence of its own.

Remmy Carroll had the good fortune to win the particular favour of Mr. Bartle Mahony, who, as he was retiring to rest, kissed his fair child, as usual, and emphatically declared that Remmy Carroll was "a real decent fellow, and no humbug about him." He added that as he had found his way to their hearth, he must be a stranger no more. And it came to pass, thenceforth, some-how or other, that Remmy paid a visit to Carrigabrick twice or thrice a week. These visits were ostensibly to Mr. Mahony, but it usually happened that Remmy had also a glimpse of Mary, and sometimes a word or two with her. It followed that Bartle Mahony, at length, fancied that a dull day in which he did not see his friend Remmy. Finally, as by a great effort of ingenuity, and in order to have a legitimate excuse for having his favourite frequently with him, Bartle Mahony announced his sovereign will and

pleasure that Mary should learn music. Accordingly, when Remmy next came, he communicated this intention to him in a very dignified manner, and appointed Remmy forthwith to commence instructing her. But Remmy could play only upon one instrument, and the pipes happen to be so unfeminine, that he ventured to doubt whether the young lady would quite approve of the proposition. Having hinted this difficulty to Bartle Mahony, that worthy was impressed with its force, but, rather than relinquish his project, declared that, all things considered, he thought it best that he himself should be the musical tyro.

If the truth were known, it would have appeared that the poor man had no desire to learn, and certainly no taste. But as Remmy Carroll—proud as he was poor—had peremptorily refused the money offered as a substantial mark of gratitude for having saved Mary Mahony's life, this was her father's indirect and rather clumsy mode of rewarding him. Very

magnificent were the terms which he insisted on making with the piper:—he could have been taught flute, harp, violin, psaltery, sackbut, and piano at less cost. Very little progress did the kind old man make:—but he laughed soonest and loudest at his own dullness and discords. However, if the pupil did not make good use of his time, the teacher did. Before the end of the first quarter, Mary Mahony had half confessed to her own heart, with what aptitude she had involuntarily taken lessons in the art of love.

It would make a much longer story than I have the conscience to inflict upon you, to tell how Mary Mahony came to fall in love with Remmy Carroll—for fall in love she certainly did. Perhaps it was out of gratitude. Perhaps it might have been his fine person and handsome face. Perhaps because she heard every girl of her acquaintance praise him. Perhaps because he was her father's favourite. Perhaps because they were so con-

stantly thrown together, and he was the only young man with whom she frequently associated. Perhaps she loved him—because she could not help it. Why strive to find a reason for woman's love? It is like a mighty river springing up one knows not where—augmented one knows not how—ever sweeping onward, sometimes smoothly, sometimes in awful rapids, and bearing on its deep and constant current, amid weeds and flowers, rocks and sands, many a precious freight of hope and heart, and life and love.

Fathers and husbands are so proverbially the very last to see the progress which Love clandestinely makes under their roof, that it will not be considered a special miracle, if Bartle Mahony noticed nothing of the game which was in hand—hearts being trumps! Mary's merry cousin, Nancy Doyle, quietly smiled at the flirtation, as "fine fun," but did not seriously see why it should not end in a wedding, as Mary had fortune enough for both.

Winter passed away, and Spring waved her flag of emerald over the rejoicing world. Mary Mahony was walking in one of her father's meadows, for Remmy Carroll was expected, and he was now—though she blushed with the soft consciousness—the very pole-star of her constant thought. He came up, and was welcomed with as sweet a smile as ever scattered sunshine over the human heart. They walked side by side for a little time, and then, when the continued silence became awkward, Remmy stated, for the maiden's information, what she knew very well before, that it was very fine weather.

"True for you, Remmy," answered she, "see how beautiful every thing looks. The sunbeams softly fall upon the meadow in a still shower of light, and make the very grass look glad."

"It *is* beautiful," said Remmy, with a sigh, "but I have too heavy a heart to look upon these things as you do."

"Surely," inquired Mary, "Surely you've no real cause to say that? Have you heard any bad news?"

"No cause! Is it no cause?—Oh, Mary dear—for you *are* dear to me, and I may say it now, for maybe I may never be here to say it again—is it no cause to have a heavy heart, when I have nobody in this wide world that I can speak to about her that's the very life of my soul, while I know that I am nothing to her, but one that she sees to-day and will forget to-morrow? Is it no cause, when I know that this little linnet that's now singing on that bough, has as much chance of becoming an eagle, as I have of being thought lovingly of by the one that I love? Haven't I cause to be of a heavy heart, knowing that I would be regarded no more than that little bird, if I were to try and fly beyond the state I'm in, when I know that I am not many removes from a beggar, and have been months back dreaming away as if I was your equal.

You are kind and gentle, and when I am far away, perhaps you may think that I would have tried to deserve you if I could, and then think well of one who loves you better than he loves himself. Oh, Mary Mahony! may God's blessing rest upon you, and keep you from ever knowing what it is to love without hope."

Overcome by his emotion—aye, even to tears, which flowed down his comely cheeks—poor Remmy suddenly stopped. Mary Mahony, surprised at the unexpected but not quite unpleasing matter of his address, knew not, for a brief space, what answer to make. But she was a woman—a young and loving one—so she let her heart speak from its fulness.

"Maybe," said she, with a blush, which made her look more beautiful than ever,—"maybe, 'tis a foolish thing, Remmy, to love without hoping;" and she looked at him with an expressive smile, which, unfortunately, he

was unable to distinguish through the tears which were now chasing each other down his face, as round and nearly as large as rosary-beads.

"It's of no use," he said, not perceiving the nature of her words; "it's of no use trying to banish you from my mind. I've put a penance on myself for daring to think of you, and it's all of no use. The more I try not to think, the more I find my thoughts upon you. I try to forget you, and as I walk in the fields by day, you come into my mind, and when I sleep at night you come into my dreams. Wherever I am, or whatever I do, you are beside me, with a kind, sweet smile. Every morning of my life, I make a promise to my heart that I will never again come here to look upon that smile, far too sweet and too kind for such as me, and yet my steps turn towards you before the day is done. But it's all of no use. I must quit the place altogether. I will go for a soldier, and if I am killed in

battle, as I hope I may be, they will find your name, Mary, written on my heart."

To a maid who loved as well as Mary Mahony did, there was a touching pathos in the simple earnestness of this confession;—aye, and eloquence too, for surely truth is the living spirit of eloquence. How long she might have been inclined to play the coquette I cannot resolve, but the idea of her lover's leaving her, put all *finesse* to flight, and she said, in a low tone, which yet found an echo, and made a memory in his heart. "Remmy! dear Remmy, you must not leave me. If you go, my heart goes with you, for I like you, poor as you are, better than the richest lord in the land, with his own weight of gold jewels on his back."

What more she might have said puzzles conjecture—for these welcóme words were scarcely spoken, when all further speech was arrested by an ardent kiss from Remmy: oh! the first, fond kiss of mutual love! what is

there of earth with so much of the soft and gentle balm of heaven?

There they stood, by the ruins of that old castle, the world all forgot. There they whispered, each to each, that deep passion with which they had so long been heart-full. The maiden had gentle sighs and pleasant tears—but these last, Remmy gallantly kissed away. Very wrong, no doubt, for her to have permitted him, and, in truth, she sometimes exhibited a shadow of resistance. There was, in sooth,

> "A world of whispers, mixed with low response,
> Sweet, short, and broken, as divided strains
> Of nightingales."

"And you won't think the worse of me, Remmy, for being so foolish as to confess how I love you?"

"Is it me, life of my heart? not unless you say that it was foolish to love *me*. Sure, they were the happiest words I ever heard."

"And you will love me always, even as now?"

"Ah, Mary, I see that you are joking now."

"And you won't go as a soldier?"

"Not I, darling; let those who have heavy hearts, and no hope, do that same."

Much more was spoken, no doubt. Very tender confessions and confidences, in truth, which I care not to repeat, for such are of the bright holidays of youth and love, and scarcely bear to be reported as closely as an oration in Parliament, or a Counsel's harangue at Nisi Prius, in a case of Breach of Promise. Such tender confessions and confidences resemble those eastern flowers which have a sweet perfume on the soil to which they are native, but lose the fragrance if you remove them to another clime.

At last, with many a lingering "one word more," many a gentle pressure of the hands, and several very decided symptoms, belonging to the genus "kiss," in the sweet botany of love, Mary and Remmy parted. Happy, sweetly and sadly happy (for deep love is

meditative,) Mary Mahony returned home. She hastened to that apartment peculiarly called her own, threw herself on the bed, and indulged in the luxury of tears, for it is not Sorrow alone that seeks relief in tears,—they fall for hope fulfilled, as truly, though less often, than for hope deferred. Weep on, gentle girl, weep in joy, while you can. Close at hand is the hour in which, ere you have done more than taste it, the sparkling draught of happiness may be snatched from your lips.

Chapter IV.

HOW THE PIPER BECAME A PETRIFACTION.

Alike delighted and surprised at thus finding Mary Mahony a sharer in the emotions which so wildly filled his own heart, Remmy Carroll returned to Fermoy, in that particular mood which is best denoted by the topsy-turvy description—"he did not know whether he stood upon his head or his heels." He rested until evening at a friend's, and was not unwilling to have some hours of quiet thought before he again committed himself to commerce with the busy world. About dusk, he started with his friend for a farmer's, on the Rathcormac

side of Corrig Thierna, where there was to be a wedding that night, at which Remmy and his pipes would be almost as indispensable as the priest and the bridegroom.

As they were passing on the mountain's base, taking the soft path on the turf, as more pleasant than the dusty highway, a little lower down, Remmy suddenly stopped.

"There's music somewhere about here," said he, listening.

"May be it's only a singing in your head," observed Pat Minahan. "I've known such things, 'specially if one had been taking a cup extra over-night."

"Hush!" said Remmy, "I hear it again as distinctly as ever I heard the sound of my own pipes. There 'tis again: how sweetly it sinks and swells on the evening breeze."

Minahan paused and listened. "Sure enough, then, there is music in the air. Oh, Remmy Carroll, 'tis you are the lucky boy, for this must be fairy music, and 'tis said that whoever

hears it first, as you did, is surely born to good luck."

"Never mind the luck," said Remmy, with a laugh. "There's the fairy ring above there, and I'll be bound that's the place it comes from. There's fox glove, you see, that makes night-caps for them, and there's heath-bells that they have for drinking-cups, and there's sorrell that they have for tables, when the mushrooms aren't in, and there's the green grass within the ring, as smooth as your hand, and as soft as velvet, for 'tis worn down by their little feet when they dance in the clear light of the full moon. I am sure the music came from that fairy-ring."

"May be it does," replied Minahan, "and may be it doesn't. If you please, I'd rather move on, than stand here like a pillar of salt, for 'tis getting dark, and fairies aren't exactly the sort of people I'd like to meet in a lonely place. 'Twas somewhere about here, if I remember right, that Phil Connor, the piper,

had a trial of skill with the fairies, as to who'd play best, and they turned him into stone, pipes and all. It happened, Remmy, before your father came to these parts,—but surely, you heard of it before now?"

"Not I," said Remmy, "and if I did, I wouldn't heed it."

"Oh, then," said his companion, with an ominous shake of the head at Remmy's incredulity, "it's all as true as that you're alive and kicking at this blessed moment. I heard my mother tell it when I was a *gossoon*, and she had the whole of it from her aunt's cousin's son, who learned the ins and outs of the story from a female friend of his, who had it on the very best authority. Phil Connor was a piper, and a mighty fine player entirely. As he was coming home from a wedding at Rathcormac, one fine moonshiny night, who should come right forenenst him, on this very same mountain, but a whole bundle of the fairies, singing, and skipping, and discoursing like any other

Christians. So, they up and axed him, in the civilest way they could, if he'd favour them with a planxty on his pipes. Now, letting alone that Phil was as brave as a lion, and would not mind facing even an angry woman, let alone a batch of hop-o'-my-thumb fairies, he never had the heart to say no when he was civilly axed to do anything.

"So Phil said he'd oblige them, with all the veins of his heart. With that, he struck up that fine, ancient ould tune, "The Fox hunter's Jig." And, to be sure and sartain, Phil was the lad that could play :—no offence to you, Remmy, who are to the fore. The moment the fairies heard it, they all began to caper, and danced here and there, backward and forward, to and fro, just like the motes you see dancing in the sunbeam, between you and the light. At last, Phil stopped, all of a sudden, and they gathered round him, the craturs, and asked him why he did not go on? And he told them that 'twas dying with the drought

he was, and that he must have something to wet his whistle :—which same is only fair, as far as pipers is concerned.

"'To be sure,' said a knowledgable ould fairy, that seemed king of them all, 'it's but reasonable the boy is; get a cup to comfort him, the dacent gossoon.' So they handed Phil one of the fairy's fingers full of something that had a mighty pleasant smell, and they filled a hare-bell cup of the same for the king. 'Take it, me man,' said the ould fairy, 'there isn't a headache in a hogshead of it. I warrant that a guager's rod has never come near it. 'Twas made in Araglyn, out of mountain barley,—none of your taxed Parliament stuff, but real Queen's 'lixir.' Well, with that he drank to Phil, and Phil raised the little dawny measure to his lips, and, though it was not the size of a thimble, he drank at laste a pint of spirits from it, and when he took it away from his lips, that I mightn't, if 'twasn't as full as 'twas at first. Faith, it gave Phil the bold-

ness of a lion, that it did, and made him so that he'd do anything. And what was it the *omadhaun* did, but challenge the whole box and dice of the fairies to beat him at playing the pipes. Some of them, which had tender hearts, advised him not to try. But the more they tried to persuade him, the more he would not be persuaded. So, as a wilful man must have his way, the fairies' piper came forward, and took up the challenge. Phil and he played against each other until the cock crew, when the lot all vanished into a cave, and whipped Phil away with them. And, because they were downright mad, at last, that Phil should play so much better than their own musicianer, they changed poor Phil, out of spite, into a stone statue, which remains in the cave to this very day. And that's what happened to Phil Connor and the fairies."

"You've made a pretty story of it," said Remmy; "it's only a pity it isn't true."

"True!" responded Minahan, with a tone

and action of indignation. "What have you to say again it? It's as true as Romilus and Ramus, or the Irish Rogues and Rapparees, or the History of Reynard, the Fox, and Reynardine, his son, or any other of the curious little books that people do be reading—that is, them that *can* read, for diversion's sake, when they've got nothing else to do. I suppose you'll be saying next, that fairies themselves ain't true? That I mightn't, Remmy, but 'twouldn't much surprise me, in the laste, to hear you say, as Paddy Sheehy, the Schoolmaster, says, that the earth is round, like a bladder, and that people do be walking on the other side of it, with their heads downwards, and their feet opposite to our feet!"

"And if I did say so?" enquired Remmy, who—thanks to his schooling from the redoubtable Tim Daly—happened to know more of the Antipodes than his companion.

"Faith, Remmy, if you did say so, I know one that would misbelieve you, and that's my

own self. For it stands to reason, all the world to a Chany orange, that if people was walking on the other side of the world, with their feet upwards and their heads down, they'd be sure to fall off, before one could say 'Jack Robinson.'"

To such admirable reasoning as this, Remmy Carroll saw it would be quite useless to reply. so he allowed Minahan to rejoice in the advantage, usually claimed by a female disputant, of having "the last word."

They proceeded to the farmer's, Minahan, as they went along, volunteering a variety of particulars relative to the Petrified Piper,—indulging, indeed, in such minuteness of detail, that it might have been taken for granted that he had, personally, seen and heard the matters he described.

It is to be feared that Remmy Carroll was but a so-so listener. He had no great faith in fairies, and his mind was just then pre-occupied with thoughts of his own darling Mary Ma-

hony. At last, Minahan's conversation ended, —they had reached the farmer's house, and Remmy and his pipes received the very warmest of welcomes there.

You need not fear that I have any intention of inflicting a description of the marriage upon you. It is enough to say that the evening was one of thorough enjoyment—Irish enjoyment, which is akin to a sort of mirthful madness. Perhaps Remmy was the only person who did not thoroughly enter into the *estro* of the hour, for though successful love may intoxicate the mind, it sobers even the highest spirits, and embarrasses while it delights. There is the joy at the success—the greater if it has been unexpected—but this is a joy more concentrated than impulsive. Its seat is deep within the heart, and there it luxuriates, but it does not breathe its secret to the world,—its keeps its treasure all to itself, at first, a thing to be thought of and exulted over privily. Love, when successful,

has a compelling power which subdues all other feelings. The causes which commonly move a man, have little power when this master-passion fills the breast.

In compliance with the custom at all wedding feasts in Ireland, the company freely partook of the national nectar (by mortals called whiskey-punch) which was as plenty as tea at an ancient maiden's evening entertainment, where sally-lun and scandal are discussed together, and a verdict is given, at one and the same time, upon character and Souchong. Remmy, of course, imbibed a fair allowance of that resistless and potent mixture, the boast of which is, that "there is not a head-ache in a hogshead of it." Blame him not. The apostle of Temperance had not then commenced his charitable crusade. How could mortal man refuse the draught, brewed as it specially had been for him by the blushing bride herself, who, taking a dainty sup out of the horn which did duty for a tumbler, had the tempt-

ing gallantry to leave a kiss behind—even as "rare Ben Jonson" recommends. What marvel if, when so many around him were rapidly passing the Rubicon of the cup, Remmy should have taken "his allowance," like a man and a piper,—particularly when it is remembered that Love, as well as grief, is proverbially thirsty. Still, Remmy Carroll had not exceeded the limits of sobriety. He had drank, but not to excess—for his failing was not in that wise. And even if he had partaken too freely of the charmed cup, it is doubtful whether, with strong passion and excited feeling making a secret under-current in his mind on that evening, any quantity of liquor could have sensibly affected him. There are occasions when the emotions of the heart are so powerful as to render it almost impossible for a man, even if he desired it, to "steep his senses in forgetfulness."

Remmy, therefore, was not "the worse for liquor"—although he certainly had not re-

frained from it. Minahan, on the other hand, who was quite a seasoned vessel, most buoyant in the ocean of free-drinking, and to him a skinful of strong liquor was quite a god-send, had speedily and easily contrived to get into that pleasant state commonly called "half-seas-over,"—that is, he was not actually tipsy, but merry and agreeable; and as he insisted on returning to Fermoy, though he was offered a bed in the barn, the trouble of escorting him devolved on Remmy.

They left the house together, lovingly linked arm-in-arm, for Minahan then had a tendency to zig-zag movements. The next day, Minahan was found lying fast asleep, with a huge stone for his pillow, near the foot-path at the base of Corrig Thierna. It was noticed by one of those who discovered him, that his feet were within the fairy ring which Remmy had observed on the preceding evening. But of Remmy himself there was no trace. If the earth had swallowed him up, he would not

have vanished more completely. His pipes were found on the ground, near Minahan, and this was all that remained of one who, so often and well, had waked the soul of song from them.

The whole district became alarmed; for, independent of regret and wonder, on account of Remmy's personal popularity, a serious thing in a country district is the loss of its only Piper. At length, Father Tom Barry, the parish priest of Fermoy, thought it only his duty to pay a domiciliary visit to Minahan, to come at the real facts of the case, and solve what was felt to be "a most mysterious mystery."

Minahan was found in bed. Grief for sudden loss of his friend had preyed so heavily upon his sensitive mind, that, ever since that fatal night, he had been drowning sorrow in whiskey. It was now the third day since Remmy Carroll's disappearance; and when Father Tom entered the house, he found Minahan sleeping off the combined

effects of affliction and *potheen*. He was awakened as soon as could be, and his first exclamation was, "Oh, them fairies! them thieves of fairies!" It was some time before he could comprehend the cause of Father Tom's visit, but even when he did "his words still were, "Oh, them fairies! them thieves of fairies! they beat Bannagher, and Bannagher beats the world!"

A growl from the priest, which, from lay lips, might have been mistaken for an execration, awoke Minahan to his senses—not that he ever was troubled with a superfluity of them. He testily declared his inability to tell his story, except upon conditions. "My memory," said he, "is just like an eel-skin, your Reverence. It don't stretch or become properly limber until 'tis wetted." On this hint, Father Tom sent for a supply of Tommy Walker; and after summarily despatching a noggin of it, Minahan thus spoke :—

"'Twas Remmy and myself, your Reverence,

that was meandering home together, when, as bad luck would have it, nothing would do me, being pretty-well-I-thank-you at that same time, but I must make a commencement of discourse with Remmy about the fairy people: for, your worship, I'd been telling him before, as we went to the wedding, of Phil Connor, who was transmographied into a stone statute. Well and good, just as Remmy came right foremost the fairy-ring, says he, ''Faith I would not object myself to have a tilt with them!' No sooner had he said the words, your honor, than we heard the sweet music that we heard the night before, and with that a thousand lights suddenly glanced up from the fairy-ring, just as if 'twas an illumination for some great victory. Then, the music playing all the while, myself and Remmy asked our good-looking ears to listen, and, quick as I'd swallow this glass of whiskey—here's a good health to your Reverence!—a thousand dawny creatures started up and began dancing jigs, as if there

was quicksilver in their heels. There they went, hither and thither, to and fro, far and near, coursing about in all manner of ways, and making the earth tremble beneath 'em, with the dint of their quickness. At last, your Reverence, one of them came out of the ring, making a leg and a bow as genteel as ould Lynch, the dancing-master, and said, 'Mister Carroll,' says he, 'if you'd please to be agreeable, 'tis we'd like to foot it to your pipes, (and you should have seen the soothering wink the villain gave as he said the words), 'for,' says he, 'tis ourselves have often heard tell of your beautiful playing.' Then the weeny little mite of a fairy fixed his little eyes upon Remmy, and, that I mightn't, if they did not shine in his head like two coals of red fire, or a cat's eye under a blanket!

"'I'm no player for the likes of ye,' says Remmy, modest-like. But they'd take no excuse, and they all gathered around him, and what with soothering' words, and bright

looks, and little pushes, they complately put their *comehether* upon him, and coaxed him to play for them, and then, the cajoling creatures! they fixed a big stone for a sate, and he struck up *Garryowen*, sharp and quick like shot through a holly-bush. Then they all set to at the dancing, like the blessed Saint Vitus and his cousins, and surely it was a beautiful sight to look at. The dawny creatures worn't much bigger than your middle finger, and all nately dressed in green clothes, with silk stockings and pumps, and three-cocked hats upon their heads, and powdered wigs, and silk sashes across their breasts, and swords by their sides about the size of a broken needle. 'Faith 'twas beautiful they footed it away, and remarkable they looked.

"Well, your honour, *he* was playing away like mad, and they were all capering about, male and faymale, young and old, just like the French who eat so many frogs that they do ever and always be dancing, when one of the faymale fairies come up to Remmy's elbow,

and said, in a voice that was sweeter than any music, 'May-be, Mister Carroll, you'd be dry?' Then Remmy looked at her a moment, 'till the faymale fairy hung down her head, quite modest. 'Well,' says Remmy, 'you *are* a nice little creature, and no words about it!' She looked up at him, and her cheeks got as red as a field-poppy, with delight at Remmy's praising her;—for faymales, your Reverence, is faymales all the world over, and a little blarney goes a great way with them, and makes them go on as smoothly as a hall-door upon well-oiled hinges. Then, she asked him again if he did not feel dry, and Remmy said he'd been to a wedding, and wasn't dry in particular, but he'd just like to drink a good husband to her, and soon, and many of them. So, she handed him a little morsel of a glass full of something that, I'll be bound for it, was stronger, any how, than holy water. She kissed the little glass as he took it, and he drank away, and when he was handing her back the glass, his eyes danced in his head

again, there was so much fire in them. So, thinking that some of the same cordial would be good for my own complaint, I calls out to Remmy to leave a drop for me. But, whoop! no sooner had I said the words, than, all of a sudden, the whole tote of them vanished away, Remmy throwing me his pipes by way of keepsake, as he dashed down, through the earth, with the rest of them. I dare say he did not want to be bothered with the pipes, knowing that in the place he was going to he could use those that Phil Connor had taken down before. And that's all that I know of it."

Here Minahan, overpowered with grief and the fatigue of speaking, perpetrated a deep sigh and a deeper draught, which exhausted the remnant of the whiskey.

"But, Minahan," said Father Barry, "you certainly don't mean to pass off this wild story for fact."

"But I *do*, your Reverence," said Minahan, rather testily. "Sure none but myself was to

the fore, and it only stands to reason that as one piper wasn't enough for the fairies, they seduced Remmy Carroll away, bad cess to 'em for that same. And, indeed, your worship, I dreamed that I saw him last night, made up into a stone statue, like poor Phil Connor; and sure there's great truth in dreams, entirely."

Father Barry, of course, did not believe one word of this extraordinary story, but his parishioners did, and therefore he eschewed the heresy of publicly doubting it. He contented himself with shaking his head, somewhat after the grave fashion of a Chinese Mandarin in a grocer's window, whenever this subject was alluded to, and this Burleigh indication, as well as his silence, obtained him an immense reputation for wisdom.

There was one of his congregation who shared, to the full, the good priest's disbelief of Minahan's "tough yarn" about the fairies. This was Mary Mahony, who was convinced, whatever had befallen Remmy,—and her fears

anticipated even the worst,—that he had not fallen into the hands of the fairies. Indeed, she was bold enough to doubt whether there were such beings as fairies. These doubts, however, she kept to herself. Poor thing! silently but sadly did she miss her lover. She said not one word to any one of what had passed between them on the memorable day of his disappearance. But that her cheek grew pale, and that melancholy gently brooded in the deep quiet of her eyes, and that her voice, always low, was now sad and soft as the mournful murmur of the widowed cushat-dove, even vigilant observation could notice little difference in her. Not a day passed without her father lamenting Remmy's absence, and when he spoke approvingly of our vanished hero, tears would slowly gather in her eyes, and her heart would swell with a sorrow all the deeper for suppression. It was great consolation for her to find, now that he was gone, how all lips praised the good qualities of Remmy Carroll. It is pleasant

to feel that one's love is not unworthily bestowed.

Meantime, the deportation of Remmy, by the fairies, became duly accredited in Fermoy and its vicinity. If he had solely and wholly vanished, it might have been attributed to what Horatio calls "a truant disposition;" but his pipes were left behind him, circumstantial evidence of Minahan's narrative. Mightily was this corroborated, a few months after, when Gerald Barry, the priest's nephew, being out one day, coursing on Corrig Thierna, discovered a sort of cave, the entrance to which had been concealed by the huge rock which lay close to the magic circle of the fairies! His terrier had run into it, after a refractory rabbit who would not wait to be caught, and, from the length of his stay, it was conjectured that the cave must be of immense extent. True it is, that not one harboured the audacious thought of examining it; for what mortal *could* be so reckless as to venture into the stronghold of the "good

people,"—but the very fact of there being such a cavity under the rock, dignified with the brevet-rank of a cavern, satisfied the Fermoy folks that Remmy Carroll was within it, changed into a PETRIFIED PIPER!

Some weeks later, Gerald Barry's dog again ran into the cave, and remained there until the young man, unwilling to lose a capital terrier, dug him out with his own hands; for neither love nor money could tempt any one else to do such a fool-hardy exploit. He declared that the mysterious cave was no cave, but only an old rabbit-burrow! All the old women, in and out of petticoats, unanimously announced that it was clear ("as mud in a wine-glass," no doubt), that the cave *had* been there, but that the fairies had changed the whole aspect of the place, to prevent the discovery of their petrified victims; for, argued they, if they could make men into marble statues, they certainly must possess the minor power of making a cave look as insignificant as a rabbit-burrow. Logic, such

as this, was sufficient to settle the mooted point, and then it became a moral and physical certainty, in the Fermoy world, that Phil Connor and Remmy Carroll were petrified inmates of the mountain cavern!

When, some eighteen months after this, it was Gerald Barry's ill-fortune to break his collar-bone by a fall from his horse, in a steeple-chase, there arose a general conviction, in the minds of all the Fermoy believers in fairy-lore, that *this* was a punishment inflicted upon him, by "the good people," for his impertinent intrusion into their peculiar haunts.

Chapter V.

HOW IT ALL ENDED.

Slowly, but surely, does the tide of Time carry year after year into the eternity of the Past. As wave chases wave to the shore, on which it breaks, sometimes in a gentle and diffusing ripple, sometimes into feathery foam, if it strike against a rock, so does year chase year away into the memory of what has been. It is the same with empires and villages, with the crowded haunts of men and the humble huts wherein the poor do vegetate. To each and to all, Time sweeps on ; carrying on its tide, amid many things of little value, some with which are linked sweet and tender associations. To look back, even for a single year, and

contrast what *has been* with what *is!* How mournful the retrospect, in the generality of cases. Hopes fondly cherished, alleviating the actual pains of life by the promise of an ideal improvement; day-dreams indulged in, until they become fixed upon the mind as if they were realities; resolutions made, which the heart found it impossible to carry into practice; sunny friendships and full luxuriance, which a few hasty words, too quickly taken up, were to throw into shade, at once and for ever; love itself, which promised so much in its glorious spring, grown cold and careless. Talk of the changes of a year!—look back, and recollect what even a single day has given birth to; but, think not that there is always change, or that all changes are for the worst. Sometimes the bright hopes will have the glad fulfilment; the day-dreams, after passing through the ordeal of expectation, which, when deferred, maketh the heart sick, will be happily realized; the friendship on which we relied will have gone through

the trial, and have stood the test; the love will have proved itself all that the heart had ventured to anticipate, and have thrown upon the realities of life, an enduring charm, mingling strength and softness, including in its magic circle, endurance as strong as adamant, and tenderness which subdues even while it sustains. Aye, Life has its lights and shadows; and, in the circling course of time and circumstance, the shadow of to-day glides gently on, until it be lost in the sunshine of the morrow.

Let us return to our story. Imagine, if you please, that six years have passed by since the mysterious and unforgotten disappearance of Remmy Carroll, our very humble hero. Many changes had taken place, locally and generally. Fermoy, rapidly rising into opulence, as the greatest military depôt in Ireland, still kept a memory of Remmy Carroll. Death had laid his icy hand upon Mr. Bartle Mahony, whose fair daughter, Mary, had succeeded to his well-stocked farm

and his prudent accumulations, which, joined with her own possessions, made her comparatively wealthy. But, in her, and in such as her, who derive their nobility from God, fortune could make no change—except by enlarging the sphere of her active virtues. In a very humble and unostentatious way, Mary Mahony was the Lady Bountiful of the place. The blessings of the poor were hers. Wherever distress was to be relieved—and Heaven knows that the mournful instances were not a few—there did the quiet bounty of Mary Mahony flow, scattering blessings around by that gentle personal expression of feeling and sympathy, which the highly imaginative and exciteable Irish prize far more than the most liberal dole which mere Wealth can haughtily bestow. Oh, that those who give, could know, or would pause to think, how much rests on the manner of giving! Any hand can dispense the mere *largesse*, which is called "Charity," but the voice, the glance, the touch of hearted kindness soothes the mental pangs

of the afflicted. In Ireland, where there are countless calls upon benevolence, casual relief has been demanded as a sort of *right*; but a kind word, a gentle tone, a sympathizing look, makes the gift of double value. And where was there ever kindness and gentleness to equal those exercised by Mary Mahony? She had had her own experiences in sorrow, and was, therefore, well qualified to yield to others that touching sympathy which most forcibly awakens gratitude. She had suffered, and, therefore she sympathized.

Her beauty remained undimmed, but its character was somewhat changed. If there was less of the fire of earlier days, there was more of intellectual expression, the growth at once of her mind's development into maturity, and of the sorrows which had chastened her, as well as of the circumstances which had thrown her thoughts into contemplation. At her age—she was barely three-and-twenty—it appears absurd to talk of her loveliness having

had its peach-like bloom impaired. As Wordsworth says

> "She seemed a thing that could not feel
> The touch of earthly years."

What the same true poet has said of that fair Lucy, who yet lives in his exquisite lyric, might have been said, without any breach of truh, of our dear Mary Mahony :

> "Then Nature said, 'A lovelier flower
> On earth was never sown ;
> This child I to myself will take ;
> She shall be mine, and I will make
> A Lady of my own.' "

At first, after her father's death, when it was known in what a prosperous state she had been left (and rumour, as usual, greatly exaggerated the fact,) she had been pestered with the addresses of various persons who would have been happy to obtain a fair bride with her goodly heritage, but it was soon found that she was not matrimonially inclined, so by degrees, they left her "maiden meditation, fancy-free." Among her suitors were a

few who really were not influenced by interested motives, and sought to win her out of their admiration for herself. Gently, but decidedly they were repulsed, and many of them, who were much above her in wealth and station, were proud to be reckoned among her warm friends at a later period. It seemed as if she could not have made an enemy—as if she could not awaken unkind feelings in any mind. Even Scandal never once thought of inventing stories about her, — goodness and innocence were around her, like a panoply.

Mary Mahony remained true to the cherished passion of her youth. It flowed on, a silent and a deep stream. None knew what she felt. None were aware of the arrow in her heart, and her pain was the intenser for its concealment. So wholly unsuspected was her secret, that when immediately after her father's death, she received Remmy Carroll's bedridden relative as an inmate at her own residence, people only admired the charity which had led her to succour the helpless. No one

appeared to think, for they did not know, that Remmy could have ever awakened an interest in her heart.

The destinies of Europe had been adjusted. The Imperial Eagle of France had been struck down at Waterloo, when Napoleon and Wellington had met and battled. After peace had been proclaimed, the Ministry of the day proceeded to reduce the war establishment, by disbanding the second battalions of many regiments. The result was that some thousands of ex-soldiers wended home. Very many of them were from Ireland, and came back mere wrecks of manhood—for the casualties of battle, and the certainties of sharp hospital practice, are only too successful in removing such superfluities as arms and legs.

In the spring of 1816, two or three persons might have been seen walking down the main street of Fermoy. If there could have existed any doubt as to what they *had* been, their measured walk and martial bearing would have promptly removed it. They, indeed, were

disabled soldiers. The youngest might have numbered some eight and twenty years, and though he was *minus* his left arm, few men could be found whose personal appearance was superior to his own.

They passed on, unnoticed, as any other strangers might have passed on, and found "choicest welcome" in a hostelrie, "for the accommodation of man and beast," at the end of the town. What creature comforts they there partook of I am unable to enumerate, for the bill of fare, if such a document ever existed in that neat but humble inn, has not been preserved. The sun had nearly gone down, however, before any of the peripatetic trio manifested any inclination towards locomotion. At last, he, to whom I have more particularly drawn attention, told his companions that he had some business in the town —some enquiries to make—and would rejoin them in an hour or two at the latest. He might as well have spoken to the wind, for they had walked that day from Cork (a trifle

of some eighteen Irish miles) and were already fast asleep on the benches. Their companion wrapped himself up in a large military cloak, lined with fur—whilom, in Russia, it had covered the iron-bound shoulders of a captain in Napoleon's own Guard. This completely concealed his figure, and drawing his hat over his face, so as to shade his features, he sallied forth like Don Quixote, in search of adventures.

When he reached the Sessions House, at the very extremity of the town, instead of pursuing the high road which leads to Lismore, he deviated to the extreme left, crossed the meadow-bound by the paper-mill, and found himself on the Inch, by that rapid branch of the Blackwater which has been diverted from the main current for the use of the two mills—illegally diverted, I think, for it renders the natural course of the river a mere shallow, and prevents a navigation which might be carried on with success and profit, from Fermoy, by Lismore, down to the sea at Youghall.

Rapidly pressing forward, the Stranger soon

came to the chasm which has already been mentioned, as that from which some years since, Remmy Carroll, the piper, had rescued Mary Mahony from drowning. He threw himself, at listless length, on the sward by the gurgling stream, and gazed, in silence, on the fair scene before him.

It was indeed a scene to delight the eye and charm the mind of any beholder, Across the broad river were the rocks of Rathhely, clothed here and there with larches and pines, those pleasant evergreens—before him swept the deep and rapid waters—and, a little lower down, like a stately sentinel over the fine country around, rose the tall and precipitous rock, on which stood the ruins, proud in their very decay, of the ancient castle of Carrigabrick,—one of the round, lofty, lonely towers, whose origin and use have puzzled so many antiquaries, from Ledwich and Vallancy, to Henry O'Brien and Thomas Moore, George Petrie and Sir William Betham.

With an eager and yet a saddened spirit, the

stranger gazed intently and anxiously upon the scene, as varied as it is picturesque, his mind drinking in its quiet beauty—a scene upon which, in years long since departed, my own boyhood loved to look. And now, in the softened effulgence of the setting sun and the silence of the hour, the place looked more like the embodiment of a poet's dream or a painter's glorious imagining, than any thing belonging to this every-day world of hard and cold reality.

The Stranger gazed upon the scene, silently for a time, but his feelings might thus be embodied in words :—" It *is* beautiful, and it is the same, only, until I saw other places, praised for their beauty, I did not know how beautiful were the dark river, and the quiet meadows, and the ivy-covered rock, and the grey ruin. Change has heavily passed over myself, but has lightly touched the fair Nature around me. Heaven knows whether *she* may not be changed also. I would rather be dead than hear she was another's. The lips that my lips have kissed —the eyes that my eyes have looked into—

the hand that my hand has pressed—the form that my arms have folded; that another should call them his—the very thought of it almost maddens me. Or, she may be dead? I have not had the heart to enquire. This suspense is the worst of all,—let me end it."

Thus he thought—perhaps the thoughts may have unconsciously shaped themselves into words: but soliloquies may be thought as well as uttered audibly. He rose from the damp sward, sprang across the chasm, proceeded rapidly on, and, in ten minutes was sitting on the stile, by which, in other days, he had often parted from Mary Mahony—for, by this time, my readers must have recognised Remmy Carroll in the stranger.

How long he rested here, or with what anxious feelings he gazed upon the house, just visible through the trees, I am not able to state,—but I can easily imagine what a contention of hope and fear there must have been in his heart. The apprehension of evil, how-

ever, was in the ascendant, for, though two or three familiar faces passed him, he could not summon courage to ask after Mary and her father. At last, he determined to make full enquiries from the next person he saw.

The opportunity was speedily afforded. A female appeared, slowly advancing up the path. Could it indeed be herself? She came nearer. One glance, and he recognised her, the star of his spirit—bright, beaming, and as beautiful as Memory and Fancy, (the dove-winged ministers of Love,) had delighted to paint her, amid the darkness and perils of the Past.

He sprang forward to meet her. There was no recognition upon her part. Nor was this very wonderful—though the lover of romance might expect, as a matter of course, that, from pure sympathy, the maiden should have instantly known who was before her. Years, which had passed so gently over her, softening and mellowing her beauty, had bronzed his face, and almost changed its very expression, The dark moustache and thick whiskers, which

he now wore, his altered appearance, his military bearing,—all combined to make him very different from the rustic, however comely, whom she had last seen six years before.

Seeing a stranger advance towards her, Mary paused. He accosted her, with an enquiry whether Mr. Bartle Mahony was to be seen?

"He is dead," said she. "He has been dead nearly six years."

Carroll started back, for the unwelcome news chilled him, and the well-remembered tones struck some of the most responsive chords of his heart.

"I am grieved to hear of his death. I knew him once. He was kind to me in former days, when kindness was of value to me, and I came to thank him now. God's blessing on his soul! He was a good man." There was a slight pause, and he resumed, "Perhaps you can tell me, young lady, whether his daughter is alive, and where she may be seen? The trifles which I have brought from foreign coun-

tries, to mark my recollection of his goodness to me, perhaps she may accept ?"

"You are speaking to her," said Mary.

"My little presents are in this parcel," said Remmy. "They are relics from the field of battle. These silver-mounted pistols were given to me by a French officer, whose life I saved,—this Cross of the Legion of Honour was hastily plucked from the bosom of one of his dead comrades, after a fierce charge at Waterloo. Take them :—I destined them for your father, from the moment they became mine.."

He placed the parcel in her hand.—One question would bring hope or despair. He feared to ask it. He drew closer, and, as composedly as he could, almost whispered into her ear "Are you married ?"

The blood flushed up into Mary's face. She drew back, for this questioning vexed her, and she wished to get rid of the inquisitive stranger. She handed him back the parcel and said, "I hope, sir, that you do not mean to annoy or insult me ? If you do, there are

those within call who can soon release me from your intrusion. I cannot retain the presents which a mere stranger tells me were intended for my poor father.—And, if I must answer your last question, I am *not* married."

"Thank God!" was Carroll's earnest and involuntary exclamation.

People may talk as they please of the quick-sightedness of love. Mary certainly had little of it, for she did not recognise her lover, and, turning round, prepared to return home. Carroll gently detained her, by placing his hand upon her arm.

"I pray your pardon," said he, "but I may not have an opportunity of again speaking to you, and I have a word to say about a person whom you once knew, but have probably forgotten. There was a poor, worthless young man named Carroll, in this neighbourhood a few years ago. He was a weak creature, fool enough to love the very ground on which you trod, and vain enough to think that you were not quite indifferent to him."

"I do not know," said Mary, with a flushed cheek, and flashing eyes, "why you should continue to intrude your presence and your conversation when you see that both are unpleasant to me. I do not know why you should ask me questions which a sense of common decency would have avoided. If I answer you now, it is that my silence may not appear to sanction imputations upon one over whom, I fear, the grave has closed—whom, be he alive or dead, it was no dishonour to have known and have regarded. I did know this Carroll whom you name, nor can I imagine how you, a stranger, can have learnt that I did. It was his misfortune to have been poor, but he never was worthless nor could have been."

"One word more," exclaimed Remmy; "but one more word. Remmy Carroll, so long believed to have been dead, is alive and in health—after many sufferings he returns home, poor as when he left it, rich in nothing but an honest name. He comes back, a disabled soldier, and he does not ask whether, beauti-

ful and wealthy as you are, you are the Mary Mahony of other years, and love him still?"

Mary looked at him with intent anxiety. The colour which emotion had sent into her face paled, and then rushed back in a quickened life-tide, mantling her very forehead. Even then she had not recognised her lover!

"If he be indeed returned," said she, in a voice so low that Remmy did not know whether the words were addressed to him, or were the mere impulse of her thought, involuntarily framed into utterance, "and if he be the same in heart—the same frank and honest mind—the same true and loving spirit—the same in his contempt of all that is bad, and his reverence for whatever is good—his poverty is nothing, for *I* have wealth; and if his health be broken, I yet may soothe the pain I may not cure. Tell me," said she, and the words came forth, this time, freely spoken as if she had determined to be satisfied and to act, "tell me, you who seem to know him,

though your description wrongs him, where has Remmy Carroll been during all these long years? Why did he leave us? Why did he not write to alleviate the anxiety of those who cared for him? Where is he now?"

What was the response?—Softly and suddenly an arm wound itself around that graceful form, warmly and lovingly fell a shower of kisses on the coral beauty of those luxuriant lips.

Was she not angry—fiercely indignant? Did not her outraged feelings manifest their anger? Was not her maidenly modesty in arms at the liberty thus taken, and by a stranger? *This* was the crowning misconduct—did she not reprove it?

No! for, in tones which thrilled through her loving heart, Remmy Carroll whispered "Mary!—my own, true, dear Mary!" In the struggle (for Mary *did* struggle at first,) which immediately preceded these words, the large cloak and the hat fell off, and then she recognised the forehead, and the eyes.—then

she knew him whom she had loved so well, and mourned so long—then she threw her arms around his neck, in the very abandonment of affection and delight—then she clung close and yet closer to him, as if they never more must part—then, remembering how she was yielding to the warm impulses of her nature, she hid her burning face in his bosom, and then, when he embraced her again and again, she could not find words to protest against the gentle deed.

Then, arm in arm, they walked into the house, and there Remmy's aged relative, whose condition and sufferings had been so much improved and alleviated by the kindness and bounty of Mary Mahony—simply because she was Remmy's relative—was made happy by the presence of him over whom she had shed so many bitter tears. Perhaps, her happiness was augmented by perceiving on what excellent terms the heiress and he were—perhaps her eyes filled with pleasant tears, when Mary Mahony whispered into her ear "Minny, he

will stay with us now for ever, and will never leave us." Perhaps, too, the whisper was not unheard by Remmy—and it would be a difficult point to decide whether or not it were intended to reach *his* ear, as well as Minny's. And then, all that both had to learn. There was so much to be told, on both sides. All that Carroll cared to know was this—that he loved, and that his love was warmly returned. A thousand times, that evening, and for ever, did Mary exclaim against herself for not having recognised him immediately, and a thousand times smilingly aver, that, from his changed appearance, and studied efforts at concealment, the recognition was all but impossible. And then they sat together, hand clasped in hand, eyes looking into eyes, until an hour far into the night, talking of old times and present happiness, and future hopes. And they spoke, too, of the good old man who had passed away, in the fulness of years, into the far and better land. Old memories were revived, brightened by new

hopes. Oh, how happy they were! it was the very luxury of love—the concentrated spirit of passion, purified by suffering, and tried by absence—the repayment, in one brief hour, for years of doubt, pain, and sorrow.

At last came the time to part; but with it came the certainty of a speedy meeting. The next day, and day after day, until that arrived, when holiest rites made them man and wife, Remmy Carroll was to be found by the side of his beloved Mary Mahony; and soon, when the news of his return were noised about, crowds came to see him, and, far and near was spread the announcement that a wedding was on the *tapis*. General was the surprise—general, too, the satisfaction, for the young people were universal favourites, and time and circumstances had removed the principal objections which even the worldly-minded might have raised to the union of Mr. Bartle Mahony's daughter and heiress to one who, a few years before, had occupied a position in society so much beneath her. It

was universally conceded that, in every sense, the match was extremely suitable and proper ; but Remmy and Mary did not require popular opinion to sanctify their attachment. They were all in all to each other.

It is not to be supposed that Mary Mahony was allowed to continue ignorant of the vicissitudes through which Remmy Carroll had passed. He told his story, and

"She gave him for his tale a world of sighs."

It may be expected, that of this tale, some notice be here given. But, in very truth, they who look for a romantic elucidation of the mysterious disappearance, and prolonged absence, and unexpected return of Remmy Carroll, will be greatly disappointed. The main incidents were simple enough, and here they are.

It may be remembered that Remmy had acted as escort to Minahan on their return from that wedding, at which the Piper had made his last professional appearance. He

had found some difficulty in piloting his companion along the high road from Rathcormac to Fermoy; and, indeed, when they reached the mountain, Minahan, in a fit of drunken obstinacy, *would* throw himself upon the heathy sward, where, in a few minutes, he was fast in the gentle bonds of sleep. Remmy Carroll, having accompanied him so far, did not like to leave him, and sate down beside him to watch for his awakening, with the purpose, also, of seeing that he fell into no mischief. But, after a time, from the combined influences of the fresh air, want of rest, and the liquor of which he had partaken at the wedding, Remmy found himself quite unable to keep his eyes open. He was conscious that sleep was creeping over him, and so, taking off his pipes, for fear that he might injure them by lying upon them, he carefully placed them upon the grass, beside him, and resigned himself to slumber.

On awaking, he found—to his excessive amazement—that he was lying "on the sunny

side of a baggage-cart," with his head reposing on the lap of a soldier's wife. In reply to his enquiries he was recommended to take it coolly, and at any rate not to make any noise until they reached Glanmire, about four miles from Cork, to which city he was informed that he was bound. When the cavalcade of baggage-carts and soldiers reached Glanmire, he was summarily acquainted with the novel information that he had been duly enlisted as a recruit, and his informant—a fierce-looking, hook-nosed, loud-voiced martinet—asked him to put his hand into his pocket, and *that* would satisfy him that he had regularly and irrevocably become attached to the military service of his Most Gracious Majesty King George the Third. Accordingly, Remmy did as he was desired, and in the pocket as aforesaid found a bright shilling, which certainly had not been there on the previous night—more particularly as tenpenny pieces were the current coin in Ireland at the period. To Remmy's possession of the solitary shilling

among a little handful of tenpenny and five-penny pieces (the sum total realized by his performance at the wedding) the modern Serjeant Kite triumphantly appealed in proof that he had regularly been enlisted. It is needless to observe that of this transaction, Remmy Carroll—albeit the person chiefly concerned—had not the slightest recollection. He appealed to one of the officers, and was told that, if the Serjeant said he was enlisted there could be no doubt of the fact, and that His Majesty was fortunate in having obtained such a promising recruit, as the regiment was on the eve of embarkation. His remonstrances, and denials, and appeals, were in vain. The significant hint was added that death was the punishment usually awarded for desertion. So, making a virtue of necessity—the more so as he perceived that he was so strongly and suspiciously watched that flight would have been useless—he had no alternative but to proceed to Cork with the regiment, as cheerfully as he could, and, in

despite of himself as it were, was duly attested, magistrates not being very particular in those days. To all his assertions that he had not the slightest recollection of having been enlisted, the reply was that, if he could procure a substitute they did not require his company —but to do this was impossible.

In a few days, the regiment embarked for the Peninsula, and his friend, the Serjeant, told him on the voyage, as an excellent joke, in what manner they had trepanned him—namely, that as the regiment was passing by the mountain, early in the morning, en route for embarkation, one of the officers who rode above the highway (for the road is literally cut out of and into the hill), had noticed Remmy and Minahan asleep, and had remarked what an admirable soldier the former would make; Minahan, it seems, was thought nothing of, being, like Othello, "declined into the vale of years." The remark was taken as a hint, and Remmy was removed, even as he was, fast asleep, to one of the baggage carts,

with the least possible delay. The details of the transaction had been executed by the Serjeant, who chuckled over this narrative, piquing himself not a little on the dexterity of the trick.

Carroll was unable to write to Mary Mahony, on account of what had befallen him, being afraid of his letter falling into other hands than her own. He did write to Minahan, in the hope that, in that circuitous way, Mary might obtain a knowledge of his misadventure. The letter, if ever posted, never came to hand, and thus, for more than six weary years, Mary Mahony in particular, with the inhabitants of Fermoy in general, was profoundly ignorant of Remmy's fate.

It was fortunate that Remmy was of that easy temperament which takes the world as it finds it, readily accommodates itself to circumstances, and wisely acts on the sensible aphorism "what can't be cured must be endured." While he bitterly lamented his enforced absence from the girl of his heart—just

at the crisis, too, when he learned that he occupied an enviable position in her affections —he knew that all the regrets in the world would not bring him one furlong nearer to her. He determined to make the best of his situation. In a short time, he even came to like it. Good conduct, good temper, and his ability to read and write, soon recommended him to his superiors, and obtained his promotion to the rank of Serjeant. In this capacity, he contrived to save a sum of money which, in former years, he would have considered quite a treasure, and which, at any rate, was sufficiently large as to warrant its possessor against the imputation of fortune-hunting, should he return to Ireland, find Mary Mahony unmarried, and pay his addresses to her.

When the short peace of 1814 was made, the regiment in which Remmy served returned to England, and Remmy made application for his discharge, and would have purchased it if he could not procure it by other means. But

immediately came the renewal of war, by the return of Napoleon from Elba, and Remmy's regiment was one of the first to return to the Continent. In the battle of Waterloo, Remmy received a severe wound in the left arm, which rendered amputation necessary, after prolonged and painful sufferings. At length, he was able to return to England, with a handsome gratuity for his wound, and a respectable pension, which, with what he had already picked up "in the wars," really made him quite a man of independent means. His plea of poverty had been only a *ruse* to try the strength of the maiden's affection. But, in her eyes, of much greater value than his hoard or his pension was a testimonial of courage and character given him by his Colonel, and especially countersigned by the Duke of Wellington, who had personally noticed his conduct during the six years he had been in the service. Great pride, be sure, had Carroll in handing over this precious document to Mary Mahony. Many tears did she shed over the

vicissitudes which had earned it—but tears will flow from bright eyes, particularly when there is a handsome lover at hand to kiss them off.

The wedding followed, in due course. *Such* a wedding! that of Camacho was a fool to it. Mr. and Mrs. Carroll, it is true, violated the usage of Irish society (of their rank of life) by quitting the farm, on a honey-moon excursion, shortly after Father Barry had united them "for better, for worse," as it was fully expected that, according to the immemorial custom among the extensive class which embraces all ranks from the wealthy farmer to the poor peasant, the bride and bridegroom should have presided at the nuptial feast, opened the post-prandial festivities by leading off the dance, and finally gone through the ceremonial of "throwing the stocking." But, except during the performance of the nuptial service, the company at Carrigabrick farm saw little, on that day of days, of either Remmy Carroll or his fair and faithful helpmate.

Enough, however, for the gay bachelors to admire the beauty (now bright with happiness) of the bride, while the Waterloo medal and the Waterloo wound of our hero won him favour in the eyes and from the lips of all the womankind who were "on their promotion." Despite the speedy flight of "the happy couple," the rites of hospitality were duly celebrated in their homestead, and, indeed, a general holiday was kept in the neighbourhood. The warmth of Irish hearts had its effervescence on that occasion, and it wished an infinity of joy to Remmy Carroll and his bride.

About this time, Minahan's character for veracity fell into disrepute, it being pretty clear that Remmy Carroll was any thing but a petrifaction—at least Mary Mahony's testimony would go a great way to disprove such an imputation! But, there ever are people who will manfully maintain the superiority of the ideal over the real, and a few of these, vegetating at Fermoy, used to shake their

heads when Remmy Carroll walked by; and, having said, all along, that, beyond all doubt, some supernatural agency had removed our hero, think themselves somewhat aggrieved in the unromantic common-place explanation of his enforced absence. To the hour of his death, Minahan was ready to say or swear that *he* had told no more than the truth—or an equivalent for the truth—and was wont to appeal, when in his cups (which was whenever he had any thing to put into them), to Carroll's good fortune in proof of the advantageous influence of fairy favour. He had a few semi-converts—who believed that Remmy Carroll was as much petrified as Phil Connor. Indeed, without any very remarkable developement of the organ of marvellousness, I think so too.

It but remains to add that, in due season, Mr. and Mrs. Remmy Carroll returned to their farm. Remmy never more played the pipes save for his own amusement (as the Marquis of Carrabas' cat caught mice), and he and his

wife lived happily together, after their many trials.

When this marvellous story was ended, the day was nearly ended also. The evening was so beautiful that it appeared a sort of sin not to take advantage of it. We broke up our sitting, therefore, and betook ourselves into the open air. Looking westward, when we had strolled on the road as far as the toll-bar near Matlock Bridge—from which, turning round, the High Tor is seen in all his majesty—I do not think that I had ever beheld a more glorious sunset,

> "And there was still where Day had set
> A flush that spoke him loth to die—
> A last link of his glory yet,
> Blending together earth and sky."

The gentle influence of the scene and hour had its effect upon others than myself, and, as Lady Tressilian leant upon my arm, she indicated by a glance that she was aware of my

knowledge of the condition of affairs between Lady Morton and the Major, and gaily smiled as she perceived that I watched, with some interest, how much, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," they walked and talked apart, or rather how eagerly the lady listened while the gentleman was impressively addressing her.

"It appears 'a palpable hit,'" said I. "The lady's shaft has struck down its quarry."

"I am delighted to see that it has," was the reply. "Yet, I have had some difficulty in bringing the affair to this conclusion. You may have thought that Lady Morton and the Major have met before? Last autumn, they formed acquaintance at Weisbaden, and I understand that the gentleman was immediately and unequivocally smitten. Nor did it appear, that his attentions were indifferently received by my fair friend. Two or three months passed on, during which, thrown much together amid strangers, they became more intimate than they could have been, under

ordinary circumstances, during two or three London seasons. The Major, it is true, had not yet proposed—waiting, I presume, until a longer acquaintanceship might warrant his doing so, but I fancy that he had not much reason to fear that his suit would be very unfavourably received. To use the language of his own profession, he contented himself with trying a little 'sapping and mining,' before he ventured 'to storm the citadel.' Just at that juncture, Lady Morton allowed herself to be very causelessly piqued with the Major, on some trifling account. That gallant gentleman did not take the trouble of thinking that a woman seldom exhibits such a pique, unless her heart be interested. He was too proud—too independent to explain, and the result was, that they separated, rather hastily, without the intention at that time, of again renewing their acquaintance."

"Quite a romance," said I,—"the usual difficulties which distract the course of true love."

"There is romance, more or less, in all affairs of the heart," replied Lady Tressilian, "and even more, perhaps, after the first bloom of youth has gone by than while it continues. For instance, though our friend the Major is beyond the age of forty, and Lady Morton has turned the sharp corner of thirty, their affection will probably be deeper and more hearted than if the lady were still in her teens, and the gentleman still wearing his first epaulette. But to continue my story. As you may have heard, Lady Morton is one of my oldest friends, and when she came to spend her Christmas with us at Tressilian Court, I immediately noticed that her mind was not quite at ease. She soon gave me her confidence, and you will not be surprised to learn that, as we live in Cornwall, and the Major's estate is in Devonshire, neither his character nor his person was unknown to us. Though it was evident, at once, that he was the man of all others to make my friend happy, and that an idea of the same kind had fixed itself in her own

mind, I saw that there might be some little trouble in arranging matters so as to re-unite the broken chain—particularly as Lady Morton, thinking that her swain should not so suddenly have said 'adieu,' had wilfully determined never again to see him. Taking counsel with my husband, we resolved not to mention that we knew the Major, and this was the easier, because he was wintering on the Continent. A little before we came to Matlock, Sir Julian informed him of our intended visit, and that Lady Morton was to accompany us. If she was surprised at seeing him here, assuredly we were not, and this evening, I dare say, he is unravelling for her the intricacies of our little plot. We had nothing to do, as you may have seen, but to bring them into each other's society once more, —opportunity has done the rest, and we shall have bride-favours and bride-cakes without much further delay. The whole explanation was made during that evening on the water, when you sat like Patience, in the boat, and I

have mentioned the particulars to you, as the Major tells me he had already given you a hint, though I dare say, you were fully conscious of what was passing."

At this moment, Lady Morton and the Major came up. "Ah, Mariana," she exclaimed, "I have only now learnt what a dreadful conspirator you have been. But I forgive you, for I am not so unwise as to quarrel at being cheated into happiness."

In two months from that day, Lady Morton was a wife, and the lawful possessor of the memorable Watch, already mentioned more than once in this eventful history. On that occasion, General Laroche attended, to give the bride away, and Madame reminded the Major of her *presentiment* respecting the *horologe*.

However, this is an anticipation.—The next day our party was diminished by the departure of Sir Julian and the ladies. Being Sunday, the remainder went to Church. Early on the following day, even the remainder separated.

Crayon and the Irishman, complaining that they had seen very little of the more romantic parts of Scarsdale, were equipped for a pedestrian tour to Stanton Moor (with its Druidic antiquities, including the curious rocking-stones so well known), through Monsall Dale and Tideswell, to Castleton, the capital of the High Peak,—to the High Peak itself, "the monarch of mountains," in Derbyshire,—and through romantic Dove Dale, so well known to all who have read Isaak Walton. The Novelist was bound for Yorkshire, in which he proposed to pass the summer. And the Major, who had promised to rejoin Tressilian in the South, at the end of the week, frankly accepted my invitation to visit Chesterfield, and drove me thither in the afternoon, with much pleasant converse upon *one* subject, to wile away the time during that brief journey.

Here, having wound up with a marriage, according to the established custom in real life, as well as in fanciful invention, the writer

may make his bow. Painful would it be to look back through the seventeen years which have passed away since the brief sojourn at Matlock which these pages have recorded. With one exception—caused by an untimely death—the friendships formed there and then have continued to the present time. But, in a long lapse of years, however lightly Time may leave traces of his course, bright eyes have become dim, glad hearts have had mournful trials, high hopes have been disappointed. It is the common dispensation of mortality, and methinks a wise one, that the ties which bind us to this life should break, one by one, so as, at the end, to make our hopes rest on a haven beyond the grave, in which the loved and lost of earth may meet again. Thus, at last, it becomes so little difficult to die that I am persuaded, when the summons comes, few would really wish to cling to life. Happiest those who are the best prepared.

THE END.

POSTSCRIPT.

Instead of a Preface, I must intreat that the reader will permit me to give a Postscript, in which I shall briefly indicate the respective proportions of Fact and Fancy in these volumes.

The idea of assembling a party at Matlock, and of partially engaging them in the narration of adventures, tales, and legends, was suggested by a visit I made there several years ago, when, during a day so unfavourable as to prevent out-of-door enjoyment, some friends and myself found pleasant occupation, in a manner such as I have attempted to describe. Adopting this as the framework upon which to hang a series of stories, it did not require much ingenuity to introduce a slight underplot, with the natural *dénouement* of a marriage. My plan also permitted the discussion, in conversation, of some subjects arising out of the stories, as they were related, and I only hope, that what I intended as a relief may not be found too didactic.

Samuel Peach, the hero of the first novelette,

was well known in Sheffield, many years ago, by reason of his wealth and eccentricity. I will not undertake to say, that he actually did act towards any stranger in the very original manner in which he is said to have treated Ensign Simmonds, — but he is remembered as having frequently exercised a capricious and fitful generosity, and the story is literally "founded on facts."

The anecdote of Mr. Coutts and "the Bush Guinea," reached me, I think, from an American story-teller, whose errors of names, places, and circumstances, I have been able to correct by enquiries on the spot.

For the idea of "Le Millionaire Malgré Lui," I am indebted to the recollection of a hastily-perused *feuilleton* in a French newspaper.

In the story told by Tressilian, the portion which traces the career of a man of letters was more of reality than imagination.

The main incidents in "Velasquez and his Mestizo," are given in Cumberland's Anecdotes of Eminent Painters in Spain, but they are also related, and in a more graceful and accurate manner, in Mr. Stirling's Annals of Art and Artists in Spain.

"A Night with Burns," is founded on the satirical Epigram with which it concludes,—the authenticity of which was admitted to me by

Allen Cunningham, who had seen several versions of it.

The hero of "The Phrenologist" was so far from being an *eidolon*, that those who recollect him, will readily admit how entirely free from exaggeration is the sketch. The original of Professor Richter, was a person bearing the uncommon patronymic of SMITH. For many years he conducted a newspaper in Liverpool, but was chiefly distinguished by reason of the number of hobbies which he rode. His original occupation of optician gave him a certain mechanical facility in making toys—puzzles for the curious and the idle. Asserting that he was one of the best swimmers in the world, his delight was to exhibit himself in the Mersey, floundering like a porpoise, and confident that the feats of Leander and Byron, were trifling in comparison with his own. Avowing the most philanthropic motives, he invented cork-jackets to prevent death by drowning, and—sold them at a large profit. He contended that the boomerang of New South Wales was a weapon worthy of being universally adopted in European warfare, and spent a whole summer in throwing this projectile into the air, to ascertain its force, and perfect his own skill. But the triumph of his experiments and discoveries in science, and that on which he chiefly prided himself, was to shew that a top,

(such as children of a lesser growth are accustomed to whip, in play), might be kept spinning for half an hour upon a china plate. During a series of years, he kept this subject before the public, in his newspaper, devoting columns to its elucidations, and adorning them with diagrams and woodcuts, shewing the course of the spinning-top, with portraits of that new instrument of science. In his newspaper, also, were given views of the cork-jackets, and sketches of the boomerang. There too, were occasionally exhibited sketches of himself in the Mersey — floating, swimming, or trying to perform some such notable aquatic feat. For a long series of years— certainly exceeding thirty — half a column a week was dedicated, by this illustrious observer, to himself, his notions and his hobbies. So strongly did he exhibit the spirit of egotism in these articles, that it was frequently remarked, that his biography might easily be compiled from the personal references to himself and his movements in the "Notices to Correspondents." On one occasion he announced, that having charitably lent an old umbrella to a strange lady, in a shower of rain, she actually had the dishonesty not to return it, and during many successive weeks, he poured out lamentations on his loss, describing the aspect of the article, the attire of the non-returning

borrower, and amusing the public with his griefs over the missing umbrella,

"Like the lost Plëiad, seen no more below."

Nor were his personal confidences limited to his newspaper. Thence they were transferred to a cheap literary weekling which he also published, and finally found a resting place in a monthly octavo composed of the picked matter of this newspaper and periodical. Meddling with Cobbett, in an attempt at political discussion, he incurred the anger of that nervous writer, who forthwith registered him as "Bot Smith,"—by which appellation, constantly repeated by him of the Gridiron, he eventually became so well known, in and out of Liverpool, that it was taken to be his true name, and letters were frequently addressed to him under it. In a word, his case affords a striking example of the very small degree of intelligence sufficient to establish a local reputation as a "triton of the minnows." In London such a person would have speedily found his level, beneath the feet of real merit. When he died, about the year 1841, his townsmen gave him the honour of a public funeral, and I have been informed that they have placed his statue in their Mechanics' Institute! As the palette of Wilkie was let into the pedestal of his statue in our National Gallery, a spinning-top and china-plate

should have been introduced into the Smith statue at Liverpool.

When The Pickwick Papers introduced the clever and striking full-length of Mr. Pott, Editor of the Eatanswill Gazette, many persons in Liverpool fancied that, independent of the name being suggestive of the *soubriquet* bestowed on him by Cobbett, the original could have been no other than their own philosopher of the spinning-top. The appearance—"a tall, thin man, with a sandy-coloured head inclined to baldness, and a face in which solemn importance was blended, with a look of unfathomable profundity"; the invariable attire,—"a long brown surtout, with a black cloth waistcoat, and drab trousers";—the constant reference in conversation, to articles which he had written in his newspaper on local politics, the interest of which, trifling at any time, had long since passed away,—the ruling idea, that throughout the country in general, and in London in particular, there was an intense excitement caused by whatever *he* wrote;—the constant and uncourteous abuse of all opposing journalists;—and, to crown all, the triumphant boast that his critic had written on Chinese Metaphysics by reading in the Encyclopedia under C for China and under M for Metaphysics, and "had combined his information,"—if all these coincidences were accidental, then, at hap-hazard did Mr. Dickens

unconsciously exhibit a person and an idiosyncracy remarkably like those of Mr. Bot Smith.

In the sketch called "The Composer of Poetry," the incidents are related much as they occurred.

"The Bard O'Kelly" has been done scant justice to in the article which bears his name. He died, I believe, in 1840, having contrived to keep himself and family, for more than forty years, by appealing to the vanity or the fears of those whom he made his tributaries. Until he published, in 1831, the world took it for granted, even as *he* said, that he had some poetic talent. The list of subscribers to this volume had between seven and eight hundred names, including ladies, peers of the realm, and members of Parliament. The "Bard's" want of ability was companioned by want of principle—for two, at least, of the poems which he published as his own were written by others. One, commencing "My life is like the summer rose," is the composition of Mr. Wilde, a distinguished man of letters in the United States; and another, beginning "On beds of snow the moonbeams slept," has been *conveyed* from the early poems of a writer named—Thomas Moore. There is cool intrepidity in pilfering from a poet so universally known as Moore. When Scott visited Ireland, he was waited on by O'Kelly with the same "im-

promptu" he had inflicted on George IV., years before, and compelled to subscribe to the Poems.

"The Great Will cause" and "The Heiress" are wholly imaginary in incidents and characters.

On the other hand, in "The Major's Story," I have related circumstances of which a gallant cousin of my own was the hero. When I was a child, when the Peninsular War was near its close, I first saw the watch described in the tale, and heard how it had come into my cousin's possession. Many years afterwards, when it was restored to him, I again saw it, and was told its later adventures. The hero of this story died so recently as 1848.

The recollections of "The Second Sight" refer to occurrences in my own family, which I firmly believe, though I cannot explain. The snuff-box lent by my grandfather to the Duke of Cumberland, and used by him on the fatal day of Culloden is now in my possession, as well as the miniature of the Young Chevalier.

The story which bears the name of the German Student, is simply a fancy which embodied itself in words.

In 1831, (in a place and under circumstances which have convinced me how the romance of real life sometimes exceeds what we invent,) I heard what I have embodied in "The Legend of Bleed-

ing Heart Yard." The narrator had full belief, I am persuaded, in what she told. The story was so impressed on my mind that, some years after, having to contribute to an Annual, I wrote it, as it now stands, and it appeared in The Forget Me Not, for 1839. Mr. Barham subsequently took up the subject, for, in the summer of 1843, there appeared an Ingoldsby Legend, called, "The House-Warming! a Legend of Bleeding Heart Yard." It was treated, like every thing from the same pen, with wonderful effect. As I had heard the legend, it appeared to belong to a remoter period than that of Elizabeth, in which Mr. Barham had timed it. In a letter to me on the subject he said, "The story of Alice Fanshawe, wife to Sir Christopher Hatton, having had her heart torn out by the devil, is a very old tradition, and noticed, I believe, in some of the family genealogies. I heard or read it when I was a boy at school, and it was recalled to my recollection by Mr, Mackay's work on 'Popular Delusions,' in the second volume of which, page 315,* you

* Dr. Mackay says:—"Many houses are still to be found in England with the horse-shoe (the grand preservative against witchcraft) nailed against the threshold. If any over-wise philosopher should attempt to remove them, the chances are that he would have more broken bones than thanks for his interference. Let any man walk into Cross-street, Hatton Garden, and from thence into Bleeding-heart Yard, and learn the tales still told and

will find alluded to at some considerable length by that gentleman, who also states that twelve or thirteen years ago he himself resided in the house in which the catastrophe took place. The impression upon my mind is that I originally met

believed of one house in that neighbourhood, and he will ask himself in astonishment if such things can be in the nineteenth century. The witchcraft of Lady Hatton, the wife of the famous Sir Christopher, so renowned for his elegant dancing in the days of Elizabeth, is as devoutly believed as the Gospels. The room is to be seen where the devil seized her after the expiration of the contract he had made with her, and bore her away bodily to the pit of Tophet: the pump against which he dashed her is still pointed out, and the spot where her heart was found, after he had torn it out of her bosom with his iron claws, has received the name of Bleeding-heart Yard, in confirmation of the story. Whether the horse-shoe still remains upon the door of the haunted house, to keep away other witches, is uncertain; but there it was, twelve or thirteen years ago. The writer resided at that time in the house alluded to, and well remembers that more than one old woman begged for admittance repeatedly, to satisfy themselves that it was in its proper place. One poor creature, apparently insane, and clothed in rags, came to the door with a tremendous double-knock as loud as that of a fashionable footman, and walked straight along the passage to the horse-shoe. Great was the wonderment of the inmates, especially when the woman spat upon the horse-shoe, and expressed her sorrow that she could do no harm while it remained there. After spitting upon, and kicking it again and again, she coolly turned round and left the house, without saying a word to any one. This poor creature, perhaps, intended a joke, but the probability is that she imagined herself a witch. In Saffron Hill, where she resided, her ignorant neighbours gave her that character, and looked upon her with no little fear and aversion."

with it in an old peerage; but of this I cannot speak with any certainty."

"Beatrice d'Este" was suggested by an engraving, and is pure fiction.

As far as I can now recollect, the "Legend of Charlemagne" owes its origin to an account of the village of Selingenstadt, in Russell's Tour in Germany.

"The Last Throw of the Dice" is an adaptation from a little French story, but an estate in Cumberland, which had been gambled away, was regained, about seventy years ago, on the lowest cast of the dice, by one *ace* lodging on the top of another.

The "Legend of the Maiden Tower" is a Turkish tradition, mentioned to me by a traveller as a curious instance of the similarity between the legends of the East and the West.

The Irish legends which follow were picked up in youth, and remembered in maturer years. They merely embody popular belief in various parts of Ireland.

In the story called "Captain Rock" I have deviated very slightly from what actually occurred, at the time and place mentioned. Indeed, I have not even concealed the names of the parties chiefly concerned. The lady whose interference with the leader of the insurgents saved her brother's life, was my own cousin, (sister to the hero of the Watch-story,) is yet alive, and

singularly enough, lately emigrated, with her husband and children, to New South Wales, whither, seven and twenty years before, "Captain Rock" had been sent to expiate his offences against society.—The narrow escape of the narrator of the next story, after the conviction of their leader, from a band of Whiteboys, casually met at midnight in a lonely part of the country, was experienced by myself, and I am free to confess that, being little more than sixteen years old at the time, and in imminent peril, I was terribly frightened, though I had the presence of mind and good fortune to put a bold face on the matter, and exhibit no symptoms of dread.

As for "Father Prout's Sermon," I would only say, in justice to the memory of the worthy little priest, that he had the sagacity to suit his discourse to his congregation, and sometimes had to exhort them, in a manner more effective than canonical, when he found them forgetful of his interests. Whenever he pleased to take the trouble, he could preach—as he said himself—as gravely as if he had a chapel-full of bishops listening to him.

It is scarcely worth while to indicate the respective proportions of fact and fiction in "The Petrified Piper." Some of the characters will be recollected and recognized in its locality. A person named Carroll, of gigantic stature and

strength, with the mildest temper ever enjoyed by mortal man, was noted in Fermoy, for many years, for his extraordinary feats in the Blackwater,—his excellence in swimming, and his remarkable skill in diving. Whenever any person was drowned in the Blackwater, Carroll was sent for, and he never quitted the river until he had found the body. There is one part particularly dangerous, opposite Barnäan Wall, in which a large projection, called The Nailer's Rock, shelves out into the water, making an under current of such particular strength and danger that even expert swimmers avoid it, from a fear of being drawn within its fatal power. At this place many persons lost their lives, and into this miniature Mäelstrom was Carroll accustomed to dive, in the most fearless manner, in search of the dead. It was calculated that he had actually saved twenty-two persons from drowning, and had recovered nearly fifty corpses from the river. When he died, which event happened at the commencement of the bathing season, a general sorrow fell upon all classes in the town of Fermoy, and, for some weeks, nobody ventured into the river. It was as if their guardian and safeguard had departed.

The last performer of any note on the Irish pipes, in Fermoy, was an apothecary named O'Donnell, who certainly made them "dis-

course most excellent music." He died some ten years ago. It was almost impossible to listen, with dry eyes and unmoved hearts, to the exquisite manner in which he played the Irish melodies.

The dancing-master briefly named as "ould Lynch," was scarcely in practice at the period of the story. He was an original, in many respects, and, like his brethren of like degree in Ireland, in a constant flutter of faded finery and actual poverty. He succeeded a worthy named Hearne, —a *nom de guerre*, his enemies averred, for the less euphonious one of Herring. Whatever his name, the man was an original in his way. He fancied himself a poet, and was particularly fond of taking his favourite pupils aside to communicate to them in a confidential manner, *sotto voce*, the latest productions of his muse,—it being expected that, a little later in the evening, the favoured individuals should delicately draw him out and solicit him to a public recital of his verses. After a good deal of pressing on their part, and a show of resistance on his, (which every one understood) the little dancing-master would mount on a table, deliver a flourishing preface in prose, and then go through the recitation, in a manner which set description at defiance. At the conclusion of this feat, which was duly encored, Hearne was wont to distribute copies of his composition,

printed on whity-brown paper, and the tribute of a five-penny-bit was expected in acknowledgement of the same—simply, as he said, "to pay for the printing." He had such a peculiar system of orthography—spelling the words by the sound—that I venture, with all due diffidence, to put forward his claim to take precedence of the interesting and worthy founders and conductors of that newspaper nondescript *The Fonectic Nuz.* By some accident, I have preserved a copy of one of Hearne's Poetical compositions, in which his own mode of spelling is carefully preserved, and I subjoin it as a curiosity,—a specimen of what emanated, some forty years ago, from one who belonged to the peculiar class (of which Grant Thoburn is the head) worthy of being called The Illiterate Literati!

"*A few lions addressed in prease of Mr. Jon Anderson, Esquire, by his humble servant, and votary of the Muses, Wm. Ahearne, profesor of dancing.*

"Who lives in this Eaden wich lyes to the easte
Of Fermoy ould bridge and its pallasades;
He is the best man on the Blackwater's breast,
As thousans from povirty he has razed.

"There's no grand Pear in all Urop this day,
With him can compare most certinly,
In bilding a town of buty and sweay
As Fermoy and its gay sweet liberty.

> " Now, weagh well the case betwin him and those
> Who travel the globe and fair Itly,
> After skroozhing their tinnants hard when at home,
> And spinding their store most foulishly."

The most original idea in these "few lions," is the geographical information that Italy is *not* a part of the globe. In the pen-ultimate line, the poet may have hinted a little sly satire at the "at home" in high life, where the crushing of hundreds into a space where tens can scarcely sit in comfort is esteemed a great feat.

Here this Postscript must conclude; and with an apology for venturing to think that the trifles which fill these volumes could interest the readers so much as to make them desirous of knowing the sources whence they were derived, the Author wishes them abundance of health and happiness, and at once takes his leave of them and this description of composition. In the words of Crabbe,

> " Here we close
> Our Tale of Tales!—Health, reader, and repose!"

THE END

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